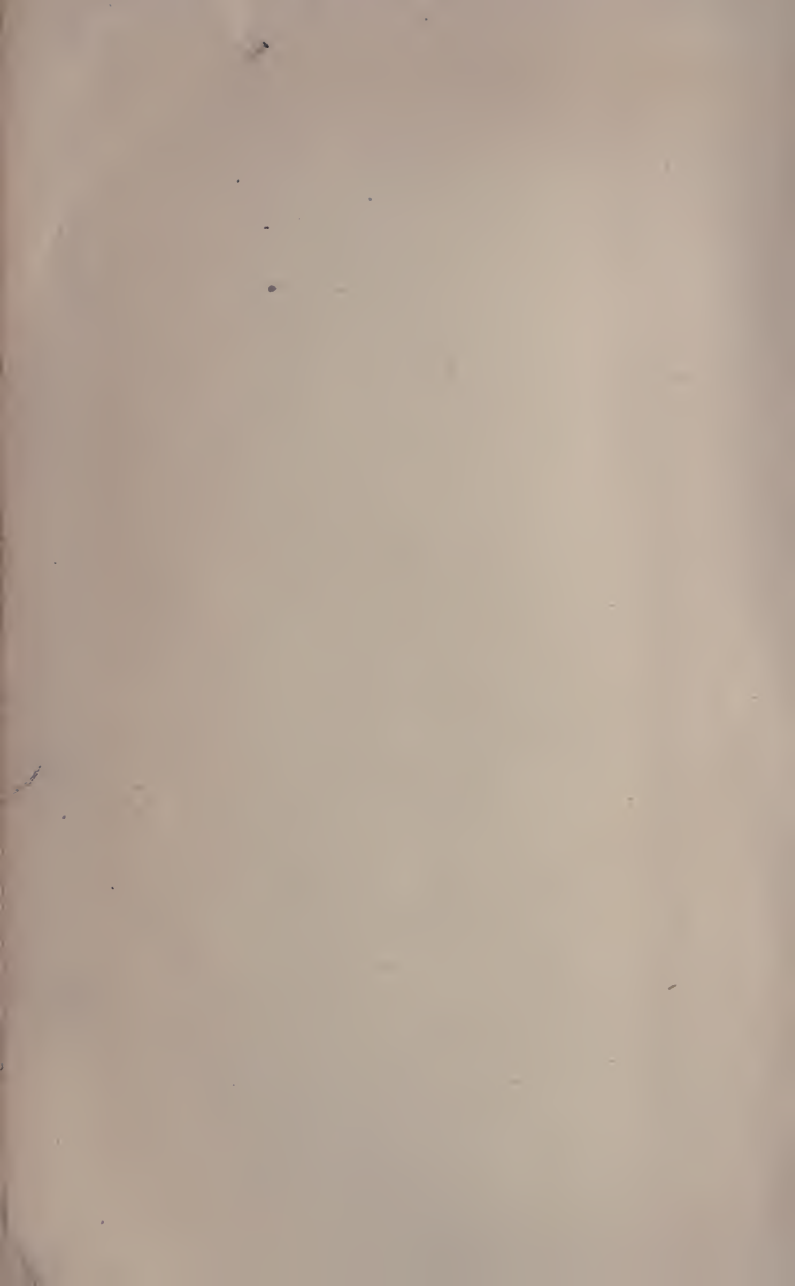



John Inrie





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SONGS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

By JOHN IMRIE

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With an Introduction by

G. MERCER ADAM

and Biographical Sketch by

ALEXANDER FRASER



TORONTO:

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INTRODUCTION TO FIRST EDITION

By G. MERCER ADAM

AMONG the diverse interests of this restless money-grubbing world, there is one which should hold a larger place than it does in the affections of the masses,—namely, the honest, unaffected love of home and home pleasures. In these days we are all of us too much disposed to seek enjoyment abroad, and to figure more than is good for us in the eye of the public. The craving for excitement has made us impatient with home, and the fireside and domestic shrines have in large measure lost their attraction. We are no longer satisfied with the novel, with the song or with the play, that used to delight our forefathers; nothing so simple and innocent would now content us. Even our religion has suffered a change. The stern morality and unbending creeds of other days have become pliant and yielding, while compromise and emasculated beliefs have taken their place. The old doctrines familiar to the by-gone pulpit now offend us, though we are not particular if the preacher resorts to irreverence and slang,—on the contrary, we rather encourage him in this propensity.

With tastes and cravings so destructive to the spiritual life, what wonder that simple joys and quiet domestic pleasures have in the social world lost much of their charm? Yet “the common people,”—as the phrase goes,—the men and women who are doing the every-day work of this toiling world, stand more than ever in need of rest and quiet, and the kindly solacement of happy fireside intercourse. Innocent delights, restful pleasures, and the blissful contentment of a well-ordered, comfortable home, with such intellectual recreations as these Edens afford, must be the necessities, we should think, of those at least whose lot is a

ceaseless round of toil. To such our author comes with his tuneful lyre and sings us the gladsome lays of the home and the fireside. Benefactor is he not, to you and to me, if he beguiles us from our distractions and cares, and leads us to realize that, after all, the world's happiness lies in the quiet comforts and refining influences of home?

It would indeed be difficult for thoughts, however expressed, on Love, Friendship, Home, and kindred topics, to fail of finding response in the human breast, and the average reader who follows the bent of his own unperverted taste, and is as indifferent to the critics as the poets themselves, will find much to please him in the book. Of profit he should also find much, if his sympathies are as keen and broad as the author's, and his appreciation equal to his, of the warm-hearted Christian brotherhood, and unaffected moral purpose, which should find expression in all our work.

Not its least merit, it must be said, is the fact that there is not a puzzling or baffling line in the book. This should be counted for something, when there is so much in our modern verse, not ambitious of fame merely, but cold, meaningless and empty. The volume is chiefly noteworthy, however, not only for unassuming sincerity on the part of the writer, but for its appeal to the universal and easily-awakened feelings of our common humanity. The unobtrusive piety and strain of religious sentiment which run, like threads of gold, through the book, will, we are sure, not the less endear the volume to the reverent reader, and to those whose hearts have felt the influences of the Divine.

May it be its mission to keep alive the love of home, to minister to minds distraught with toil and care, and among its readers—we trust, of all ranks and conditions of men—to implant an eternal Sabbath in the heart.

184 Spadina Avenue,
Toronto, Ont.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR

By ALEXANDER FRASER

Provincial Archivist of Ontario

JOHN IMRIE was born on the 28th of May, 1846, at No. 46 George Street, Glasgow,—and to Scottish-Canadians it will be interesting to state that within a few yards of this house Sir John A. Macdonald, the great Canadian leader, was born. Mr. Imrie came of Celtic race. His grandfather, James Imrie, was a native of Perthshire, who settled in Glasgow. His son James, born in Glasgow, married Margaret Mills, daughter of James Mills, of an Aberdeenshire family, whose son Matthew Mills came to Canada and, settling at Fergus, Ontario, was one of the many Aberdeenshire settlers to whose enterprise that part of the country owes its rapid development and remarkable prosperity. James Imrie and Margaret Mills had eight children, those who survived infancy being Grace, John and James.

To those who believe in hereditary influences, are here the sources of character for which John Imrie, the Scottish-Canadian poet, was distinguished—the Celtic temperament modified by the practical traits of the Aberdonian, and both influenced by the wider daily issues of life in the stirring commercial metropolis of Scotland. John Imrie's boyhood days were surrounded by many advantages. Born to no affluence, the home was comfortable and singularly happy. His parents were noted for their piety, and the children were tended with all the care and affection which could be bestowed by those who earnestly promoted the religious as well as the secular interests of their children. The father was industrious, methodical and prudent; the mother diligent, thrifty and a good domestic manager. With her, cleanliness was next to

godliness, and her household was the full pride of her heart. The father was an intelligent reader of books and took pains to direct the reading of his children aright. A brother, also a John Imrie, was a bookseller in Blackfriars' Street, and from his shop books for the young people were easily procured, the selection being always made according to a plan of study, whether in fiction, poetry, history or biography. On these years of childhood the poet loved to dwell, for in the humble, well-ordered home he realized the influences that were at work for the formation of character, just as truly as did Burns when he penned his immortal "Cottar's Saturday Night."

The home-life of Scotland has been the foundation of the nation's greatness. Not at the penny weddings of their time, nor on the football fields were the Waterloos of Scotland's sons and daughters won. The ingle-neuk before which the family circle gathered to close a day of honest toil in innocent mirth or homely handicraft, crowned by the reverent worship of God as a prelude to the night's peaceful repose, is the palladium of Scottish nationality, and to the sterling qualities thus humbly cultivated Scotland owes her varied and high national honors. The family reared in an atmosphere like this may be poor, but its lot is fortunate; Mr. Imrie had this priceless legacy and he fully appreciated it. Family worship was a daily exercise and on Sundays the Bible and Shorter Catechism were systematically taught. The family attended Greyfriars' United Presbyterian Church, the minister at the time being the Rev. Dr. David King, whom his people held in high respect. Writing of this time Mr. Imrie himself says: "A childhood and home training passed under such devoted parental care and attention, whose moral atmosphere is a legacy of love, cannot but produce the best type of men and women, equipped for the battle of life, capable of suffering and sacrifice for the sake of principle and conscience, as the history of

Scotland doth abundantly testify in the stand her patriots and reformers took for civil and religious liberty, when haughty and unholy powers dared to invade her sea-girt heather hills, and sought to enslave her sons and dictate unjust laws and impose unjust taxes on her brave and independent people. No wonder that the patriotic Scot, at home and abroad, is so fond of the thistle and the heather that were so often stained with the best blood of his brave and valiant ancestors, when they fought and bled in the defence of freedom and justice."

Choosing the calling of a printer, Mr. Imrie became apprenticed to Messrs. Bell & Bain, printers, and after serving with them was employed in the printing office of Messrs. MacLaren & Erskine, until his departure for Canada in 1871. As a young man he interested himself in church work, taking part in the various activities of the congregation in aggressive work. He also gave considerable time to hard reading, and to the study of poetry and it was in this pursuit that he discovered that he had an aptitude for versification. His associates were young men of like habits and tastes and friendships were then formed which proved not only lasting and pleasant, but helpful in after life, when his poetry was being placed before the public. In those early days he showed a love for nature that grew with his years. The vale of Clyde, the solitudes of the Renfrewshire hills, the watering places down the estuary, and the island of Arran were favorite spots in which to commune with nature and to gather vigor of body and mind. He had a true eye for the features of those Scottish scenes which he could graphically describe by pen and voice, and among his friends, there was no small surprise that he did not oftener turn his muse to the hills and dells, the waterfalls and streams, the romantic lore and the beauty of which had made so deep and lasting an impression on his plastic mind. Yet when he began to write he was in Canada, far from

the haunts of his boyhood, and feeling a message in his heart the days' outlook furnished both the subject and the point of view. It was better so. But through a busy life his thoughts turned to the memories of those rural excursions, and to the family circle in Glasgow:

"Ae nicht I sat my lee-some lane,
Beside the big ha' stove,
A-dreamin' ower an' ower again
O' folk an' scenes I love;
In thocht I cross'd the big saut sea,
An' smelt the caller air
O' bonnie Scotland, dear to me,
My native lan' sae fair!"

And in an earnest tribute to his friends he voices his deep-wrought feelings thus:

* * * * *

"Friends of those years when hopes were high,
And hearts beat true, and love was nigh,
And echoes woke which ne'er should die;
But echoes give;
While fleeting years roll on apace,
Within my heart there is a place
That bears the likeness of each face,
And thoughts that love!"

Friends dead and gone—friends far and near—
Friends tried and true—friends ever dear,
Though sunder'd far, yet all are here,
Close to my heart;
And all along life's rugged way
The smile of friendship crowns the day,
And hearts are young though heads be gray:—
Friends never part!"

The deep religious feeling fostered and cultivated in his home, he shows often in his verse; and his acknowledgement of his mother's pious influence he thus expresses:

* * * * *

"Thy look was love—thy smile was joy—
Thy tears the eloquence of grief;
Thy loving voice found sweet employ
In whisp'ring to our heart's relief.

Oh! mother dear! how much we owe
To thee, for all thy loving care;
While memory lasts our thoughts shall go
Back to the days of love and pray'r.

Though on this earth no more we meet,
And surging seas between us roll,
We yet shall meet at Jesus' feet,
Where love eternal fills the soul!"

Again: "A man that loves and reverences his mother's memory is not a creature to be dreaded or distrusted. That mother brought up her children in the fear of God, and fed them daily 'on parritch, the Shorter Catechism, and the Confession of Faith,' and they suffered not from such fare either in soul or body. The Scotch father and mother are a unit in their efforts to bring up their children 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' Rare filial affection in the family circle is the rule—with few exceptions—in a well brought up Scottish home, and 'mither's advice' is always respected and valued by her dutiful sons and daughters, backed and endorsed by that of her 'leal and loyal guidman,' for the father invariably advises all his children to 'tak' aye yer mither's advice!"

" Her counsel is wise an' safe to follow
Then, tak' your mither's advice!
She's kent ye the langest o' ony on earth,
'Tended ye weel since the day o' you birth
She'll soothe you in pain, or join you in mirth,
Sae, tak' your mither's advice!"

After Mr. Imrie left Scotland his mother died (1872); his father came to Canada in 1874 and died in Toronto in 1876. That the last resting-place of both should thus be so far separated was a matter of keen regret to the devoted son whose fondest memories were associated with home. He writes:

" Ah ! me, to think that they should rest
Three thousand miles apart,
Who lived and loved and in whose breast
There beat one loving heart ;
That they who labored heart and hand,
To rear us one by one,
Should sleep apart by sea and land,
When life's hard work was done ! "

Genial, sympathetic, susceptible to deep impressions, and thrown in his teens among companions of a desirable kind, his own character and habits were early formed, so that, at the age of twenty-five, when he set out for Canada, he had acquired a useful experience and that self-reliance which meets the world with full

confidence of overcoming obstacles and succeeding in life. He settled in Toronto and soon took a responsible position in his calling. He was connected with the *Canada Presbyterian* office for many years and was highly esteemed as a contributor of verse to its columns and as an enterprising and able craftsman in the composing room. A portion of his time in the service of this journal was spent in obtaining subscribers for it in Eastern Ontario, work which he very much enjoyed. He travelled through towns, villages and townships, making extended journeys, driving, as a rule, among the farmers, but often afoot; ever welcome, whether he called on the hard-working farmer in the field, or on the hard-thinking minister in his study. He became, thus, thoroughly familiar with Canadian home life, observed the substantial comfort of the people, and saw with a poet's penetrating vision the great possibilities of the country's future. A ready speaker on religious and literary topics, he found frequent occasions during those travels to participate in the week-day prayer meeting and the family devotions, or in the social gatherings of the young in their churches, and scenes as might have been found among the peasantry of Scotland were often witnessed by him in those days of pleasant journeyings in the rural districts. His success as a canvasser was remarkable, and strong inducements were held out to him to continue that business, but having married in 1880 (on New Year's Day), and the domestic ties being very strong, he relinquished travelling for a business which would not to the same extent interrupt his home life. In 1884 he entered into partnership with D. L. Graham, and with him founded the well known printing house of Imrie & Graham, in more recent years Imrie, Graham & Harrap, of which he was the senior partner at the time of his death, and now The Imrie Printing Company, Limited.

From the time of his arrival in Toronto, Mr. Imrie took an active part in the work of the church, becoming

at once a member of Cooke's Church, and teaching in the Sabbath School of the Elizabeth Street Mission. Thereafter he joined College Street Presbyterian Church, in connection with which he was a valued Sabbath School teacher and an elder, commanding the respect and esteem of his colleagues and of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Gilray. He loved the old verities, and some of the innovations of the late days found in him a sturdy though moderate opponent. When the new Presbyterian Hymnal was issued his sympathies were with those who objected to some of its "departures" from use and wont, especially respecting the Psalm selections and a protest from him went the round, of which this is a quotation:

FAREWHEEL TO THE PSALMS

Rev. xvii., 18, 19

Oh! the auld Psalms o' David, fareweel! fareweel!
 They're no near guid enough for us noo!
 The Kirk has decreed they may gang in the creel*,
 An' the auld maun gie place to the new;
 The auld folk may weep, an' the young folk may smile,
 An' the Session look pale wi' dismay,
 For the Kirk has contriv'd to woo us wi' guile,—
 The compilers ha'e had their ain way!

* * * * *

Beware! the "thin end o' the wedge," as they say,—
 For the rest o' the Psalms will go next!
 The Bible itself will be altered some day,
 Till we scarcely can find oot a text!
 The ministers, surely, should be on oor side,
 An' froon on this strange innovation;
 An' dinna gi'e way to guile, fashion, an' pride,
 That bodes the doonfa' o' a nation!

* The compilers' waste basket.

In politics he leaned to the Liberal party, but never was a partisan or active party worker. "Country first," "Canada first," was his motto. He combined a fervent love for the old land with a sincere devotion to the new, and with a strong loyalty to the Imperia tie. His countrymen arriving in Toronto ever found in him a sympathetic friend and he did much indeed for those needing counsel and help. He was a member of a number of Scottish Societies with whose organiza-

tions he heartily co-operated in good works. As a manager of St. Andrew's Society he was a kindly disposed dispenser of relief; the heart oftener than the head deciding the day. He was a member of the Caledonian Society, Associate Bard of the Gaelic Society, a member of Burns Camp, Sons of Scotland Benevolent Association, and one of the original members of the Burns Literary Society of Toronto. To each and all of these Societies he gave freely of his time and talents, for he read with good effect, and lectured in an entertaining, popular style. But he was specially happy in his connection with the Burns Literary Society. He was an enthusiastic student of the immortal Bard, and some fine tributes in prose and verse were offered at his shrine. Here he met congenial souls, for the Society is unique in Canada, membership being so conditioned that onerous qualifications were requisite. Many of those who formed the intellectual circle with Mr. Imrie were children of the Muse themselves, such as Alexander Fiddes, James Noble, J. Macpherson Ross, while the press, the platform, the rostrum and the professions furnished contributors of individuality and distinction. Mr. Imrie was never absent from these meetings, and there, among his fellows, he won his most cherished successes, for there his intensely human and his broad, liberal sympathies were genuinely appreciated.

Mr. Imrie's name was associated with Scottish publications in Canada for many years. In November, 1890, his firm began to publish *The Scottish Canadian* (first series). It appeared weekly and continued until October, 1893, when it became incorporated with the *North American Scotsman*, with offices in Toronto and Chicago, ceasing publication in December of the same year. Mr. Imrie attended, personally, to the business side of the undertaking, and labored hard to make it a financial success. It attained to a respectable circulation and only the pressure of other business interests

caused its abandonment. He published a collection of Scottish Readings; "The Reminiscences of a Highland Soldier," by Sergeant C. R. Martin; "Scottish Songs," with music; "The Scottish-Canadian Collection of Poetry," edited for the Caledonian Society of Toronto, and three popular lectures by himself: "The Pathos and Poetry of the Family Circle," "The Poet's Workshop," and "The Scot at Home and Abroad," lectures delivered before popular audiences in and around Toronto.

In 1880 Mr. Imrie married Elizabeth McJanet, a native of Ayr. The union was truly that of "an honest man and a bonnie lassie." Miss McJanet was 12 years old when she came, with her family, to Toronto in 1870. To them were born eight children, Elizabeth Winnifred, John Mills, Margaret Helen, Grace Martin, James Hamilton, William Graham, Robert Dixon, and George Herbert, of whom two, Grace Martin and Margaret Helen have died. In 1889 Mr. Imrie made a long-looked-forward-to visit to Scotland and spent a very happy time among old friends and amid scenes sacred in Scottish song and story. It was a welcome respite in a life of strenuous business activity and the rest and recreation benefitted him greatly. He enjoyed good health to within a few days of his death which took place on the tenth of November, 1902. His remains are interred in Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

Mr. Imrie was a man in some respects unique. He commanded the respect of the wide circle in which he moved, the humble and the high bestowing their esteem. His life was useful as it was busy, and he left behind him the example of a man who combined business shrewdness with the poetic instinct, incessant diligence with artistic tastes, a power and a promptness to plod the daily round with a mind tuned to the beauties and joys of a work-a-day world. The secret lay in his deeply religious character, in the old faith which

leavened his thought and hopes, and in a family attachment worthy a poet's idealization. Taken away when still in the prime of his powers his unexpected death was deeply mourned as a distinct loss to the community. Many tributes of respect to his memory reached the family from societies, churches, friends known and unknown to them. One poetic tribute, as it came from the author of Canada's National Song, "The Maple Leaf Forever," himself a sturdy, whole-souled Scot, since dead, is appropriately quoted:

"Farewell, John Imrie, Scotia's bairn;
A freen' kind-hearted, leal and true;
A Scotsman o' the diamond stamp,
Nane lo'ed auld Scotland mair than you.

"The lintie sings wi' saddened lay,
The thistle bows its head wi' grief,
The gowan and the heather mourn,
And waesome is the Maple Leaf."

* * * * *

As a poet Mr. Imrie is known throughout the English-speaking world. The people have bought his books—whether in the larger collection form, or in small collections grouped in topical divisions. Few, indeed, of the minor poets have fared as well as he in this respect. Encouragement and recognition came at once and the patronage of the public was no kinder than the kindly pens of the newspaper critics. Whatever may be said of the quality of his poetry, it must at least be said that it was such as to find and satisfy a wide constituency. The contents of his volumes cannot be considered without considering these suggestive figures, viz.:—His first edition was published in 1886. Put forward with the diffidence of a first venture, and without the adventitious aid of newspaper advertising, but through the ordinary channels of the bookseller's trade, 1,000 copies were exhausted in eighteen months. A second edition followed in 1891, enlarged by nearly 100 songs, chiefly patriotic, and in about two years this second edition of 1,000 was sold

out through the trade, and the demand for a third edition was met by an issue of 1,000 copies more, also enlarged by new poems. The third edition was about all sold at the time of the poet's death; and a fourth edition then ready was given to the world, of 3,500 copies, being a selection from the former editions and new poems added. It met with a ready sale; and since then the demand for a further supply has been persistent enough to prove that a fifth edition will meet with the ready acceptance of the earlier four. There is no mistaking the meaning of this patronage, for the author with such a public has proved his poetry. The introduction to the first edition by G. Mercer Adam is considered to be a fair estimate of the merit of Mr. Imrie's poetry. As it is re-produced in this volume, the reader is referred to it as the well-balanced opinion of a competent writer. One sentence from it may, however be quoted here: "The volume is chiefly noteworthy, not only for unassuming sincerity on the part of the writer, but for its appeal to the universal and easily awakened feelings of our common humanity; the unobtrusive piety and strain of religious sentiment which run, like threads of gold, through the book, will, we are sure, not the less endear the volume to the reverent reader, and to those whose hearts have felt the influences of the Divine."

Mr. Edwards, whose judgment will not be questioned by those who are familiar with his anthologies, says in his "*Modern Scottish Poets*":—"For ourselves, it is seldom that we have seen a volume of poetry of so uniformly good quality. He furnishes us with real home pictures, full of interest, and admirably told. Ever graceful and sometimes playful, Mr. Imrie possesses the true poetic faculty and he writes with earnest, patriotic passion, as well as with delicate and touching pathos."

Among those who paid frequent tribute to his writings have been: Thos. C. Latto, Evan McColl,

Alexander MacLachlan, W. Wye Smith, D. Macgregor Crerar, L. A. Morrison, J. P. Broomfield, Geo. Williamson, Donald F. Smith, E. H. Dewart. John D. Ross, LL.D., wrote in his "Cluster of Poets:"—"Merit will always command attention, and Mr. Imrie is a poet of a very high order of merit. His poems are the outpourings of a heart that is imbued with the sensitive and finer feelings of a poet. They are pure, intellectual, vigorous, patriotic and sincere, and in a great number of instances they contain similes and thoughts which are morally and pathetically beautiful. . . . His sentiment is affectionate and loyal, his versification easy and correct, his style free and simple, his command of language ample for his purpose."

A verse from a poetical tribute to Mr. Imrie by Donald F. Smith, Camlachie, Ont., aptly puts it:

"Gie me a bardie like yersel',
Ye sing, but why ye canna' tell,
But when ye tak' the musey spell
Ye hae the airt
O' touchin' aye the inmost cell
O' ilka heart."

A well-known poet in "Our Monthly," says: "Mr. Imrie's great strength lies in his perfectly natural and often graceful methods of versification; his subjects are all within easy reach, and his treatment of them homely, sincere, and from the heart. The third edition before us contains almost a hundred new pieces, many of them of great beauty, beautiful in their simplicity, and such as cannot fail to have a most desirable influence in every household into which they come."

These extracts I have given, not only because my own opinion is in agreement with them, but also because they reveal the opinions of men widely apart, accustomed to scrutinize poetic efforts, to sift the wheat from the chaff, to separate the gold from the dross; the cumulative verdict is remarkable for its unhesitating, clear tone.

The press of the principal English-speaking coun-

tries has been singularly appreciative. The British papers have been uniformly congratulatory, so have those of the United States, of Canada, of Australia and New Zealand. In the two latter countries the reviews were featured in the large weekly editions and copious biographical notes and extracts from the poems utilized. The literary papers of New York, Boston and Brooklyn did the same. Naturally, the Toronto press followed suit and this generous encouragement was highly appreciated by the poet. One quotation, however, must suffice, and that only because of its terse aptness: "Mr. Imrie is to be congratulated upon the success he has achieved, and for the kindly confidence with which he sends his book across the water for the verdict of his ain countrie. Mr. Imrie writes with freedom, and all his work conveys the impression that he is a Scot deeply imbued with all the patriotic and religious fervours and convictions belonging to the best types of his nationality. He possesses a heart ready to feel the touch of pathos, or beat faster with worthy pride for the kin and the land from which he is so far away. His ear is ever ready to catch the music of every sound even in the commonest doings of the day, and his eye is in sympathy with both. To our taste he is best when he essays his native dialect, his use of language being then much more effective, more musical, and more correct generally than in the English, and it is not difficult to conceive that these homely lilts, with their humorous and pathetic touches, and their all-prevailing kindness, will meet with a ready welcome from the Scot abroad. Proud of the Old Land, the writer is also proud of the new, its history, its literature and its kindred blood. He rejoices in its past, and has a big faith for its future. To an author of these qualities it is impossible not to turn a favorable ear."

In complying with the demand for a fifth edition, Mr. John M. Imrie, the poet's eldest son, has made a

careful selection. Many new poems are given, to make room for which some of those published previously have had to be left out, but the old favorites have not been sacrificed, and admirers of the poet will miss few, if any, old friends.

Mr. Imrie is well fitted for the duty of compiling and publishing this collection, having had the advantage of his late father's confidence with respect to his unpublished poetry; and having shown ability of no mean order in conducting the office as his father's successor, the business arrangements for this edition will not lack the necessary care and attention which will ensure wonted success.

Toronto, 1906.

PATRIOTIC.

OUR NATIVE LAND—FAIR CANADA!

GOD save our native land,
Free may she ever stand,
Fair Canada;
Long may we ever be
Sons of the brave and free,
Faithful to God and thee,
Fair Canada.

Fair as an opening flower,
Planted in Heaven's bower,
Fair Canada;
Here many nations dwell,
Loving their freedom well,
Reaping where forests fell,
Fair Canada.

Land of great inland seas,
Swept by the mighty breeze,
Fair Canada;
Reaching from sea to sea,
Great will thy future be,
Land of the brave and free,
Fair Canada!

Land of the prairies wide,
Stretching like ocean's tide,
Fair Canada;

Land of green hill and dale,
Mountain and pleasant vale,
Here worth shall never fail,
Fair Canada!

Come, then, from many lands,
Brave hearts and willing hands,
To Canada;
Come where rich virgin soil
Waits to reward your toil,
Share in the harvest spoil
Of Canada!

*FINÁLE.—“God save our Gracious King,
Long live our noble king,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.”

* This “Canadian National Song” may be sung to the air of “The National Anthem,” the first verse of which would be very appropriate as “a finale” to the above composition.

SONG OF FREEDOM.

FREEDOM'S glad song we sing;
Free as a bird on wing,
Free as the sweet, pure air,
Free as the sunlight fair,
Shout Freedom's holy song:—
We nothing fear but wrong;
For Freedom, God, and Right,
We'll nobly stand and fight!

While life and strength remain
We will our rights maintain;
Our hardy sons of toil
Shall guard their native soil:
From every hostile foe,
From traitors lying low,
From all that dare oppress,
Our swords shall find redress!

We shed no craven tear,
No tyrant's threat we fear;
Before no foe we fly,
We dare be free—OR DIE!
To death we only bend,—
Our foe, and yet our friend;
The watchword of the free
Is:—"DEATH OR LIBERTY!"

CANADA !

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

COME, let us all unite
To sing our country's praise;
For God, and home, and right,
Our voices now we raise:—

CHORUS—Dear Canada, to thee,
Home of the brave and free,
With heart and voice
We now rejoice
To sing in praise of thee!

From sea to sea our land
Extends her vast domain,
'Mid scenes sublime and grand
We sing this glad refrain:

CHORUS—Dear Canada to thee! etc.

We'll welcome with a cheer,
Each hardy son of toil;
For happy homes are here,
With fruitful virgin soil!

CHORUS—Dear Canada to thee! etc.

Let prairie, wood, and field,
Re-echo this our song;
Our sons shall never yield,
What rights to them belong!

CHORUS—Dear Canada to thee! etc.

Then wave our flag on high
The Maple Leaf and Rose,
For Canada we'll die
Or vanquish all her foes!

CHORUS—Dear Canada to thee! etc.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

“ONLY a few acres of snow!”
Our country first was styl'd,
By French explorers long ago,
In winter bleak and wild.

An hundred years roll'd on apace,
Again they sought our shore,
As summer beamed with smiling face,
Inviting to explore.

The noble Champlain and his band
On Quebec's height did raise
The flag of France, with eager hand,
'Mid thankful prayer and praise.

They fought and toil'd for many years,
And till'd the virgin soil,
Till happy homes dispell'd their fears,
And fortune sweeten'd toil.

Grim war again changed peaceful scenes
To carnage and dismay;
But British prowess intervenes,
And finally holds sway.

Then hand-in-hand, a peaceful band,
The Briton and the Gaul
Agree'd to sub-divide the land,
Together stand or fall!

May peace and honour ever keep
The brothers thus entwined;
With patriotism—pure and deep—
Fidelity enshrined!

At last, like fair unfolding flower,
The New Dominion stands,—
Upper and Lower Canada
Embrace with loving hands!

Thus July first of every year,
Our great Dominion Day,
Her loyal sons hold ever dear,
In honour and display!

The fairest flower on this fair earth,
The freest of the free;
Whose sons are proud to own their birth,
And claim their homes in thee!

NIAGARA FALLS.

O H, Niagara! as at thy brink I stand,
My soul is filled with wonder and delight,
To trace in thee that wonder-working Hand,
Whose hollow holds the seas in balance light!

Worthy art thou to be a nation's pride,—
A patriot's boast—a world's unceasing wonder;
Like some bold monarch calling to thy side
Subjects from every clime in tones of thunder!

Deep on my soul thy grandeur is impress'd,
Thy awful majesty—thy mighty power—
Thy ceaseless tumult and thy great unrest,
Like nations warring in dread conflict's hour!

Rainbows of glory sparkle round thy shrine,
Cresting thy waters with effulgence bright;
And in thy foaming currents intertwine
Rare coruscations of commingl'd light!

Like roar of battle, or like thunder's call,
Thy deep-toned echoes roll with solemn sound;
Like pillar'd clouds thy vapours rise, and fall
Like sparkling pearls upon the thirsty ground!

Rush on! rush on! in thy uncheck'd career,
With avalanchic power thy course pursue;
While rending rocks quake as with mortal fear,
And stand in awe to let thy torrents through!

Naught but the hand of God could stay thy course,
Or drive thee back to Erie's peaceful keep;
Then onward press with thy gigantic force,
Till in Ontario's bosom lull'd to sleep!

Emblem of Freedom! who would dare essay
To bar thy noisy progress to the sea?
Then onward press! while bord'ring nations pray
For strength and wisdom to be great and free!

ODE TO LAKE ONTARIO.

THOU inland sister-sea, Ontario!
To glide upon thy bosom is sublime;
There note thy peaceful, steady, onward flow,
Ceaseless and constant as the course of time!

Thy waters seem the same,—yet ever new—
Fed by a thousand streams on either side;
The same clear sky, the same thy depths of blue,
Free as the nations bord'ring on thy tide!

Vast upper-lakes feed thee with lib'ral hand,
From higher lands as new as thine hath been;

Where still the Indian and his wigwam stand,
He half amaz'd with what his eyes hath seen!

To thy embrace—like gallant lover bold—
Niagara rushes in his mad career,
Till tir'd and spent, past whirling eddies cold,
He calmly sinks to rest when thou art near!

Last of the inland seas!—yet nearest home—
Thy waters soon shall swell the mighty deep,
And mingle with the ocean's briny foam,
There shalt thou rest—and there for ever sleep!

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

A VERBAL PICTURE.

O H! that I had the artist's power to touch
The speaking canvas with a master-hand,
I'd paint a scene I truly love as much
As any landscape in this fair new land!

That picture would be Queenston's lovely height,
'Neath which Niagara's rushing waters gleam,
Like molten glory in the sunset bright,
Or fancy's vision in a pleasant dream!

Here two great nations meet as if to kiss,
Divided only by a silver line;
Peace, welfare, harmony, and mutual bliss
Link fruitful branches of a parent vine!

The setting sun would tint Niagara Town
With gilded glory as he sinks to rest;

A noble steamer bearing swiftly down
Toward Ontario's heaving, billowy breast!

The stately monument of Brock would stand
In bold relief against the azure sky,—
The valiant leader of a noble band
Who for their country's honour dar'd to die!

A picture thus I'd paint in Nature's praise,
And worship at the threshold of her door;
Before the scene I stand in rapt amaze—
In silence dumb—yet love it all the more!

WELCOME HOME, BRAVE VOLUNTEERS!

Song of Welcome, sung by the School Children at
the City Hall, Toronto, in honour of the Volunteers'
return from the North-West Rebellion, 1885.

WELCOME home, brave Volunteers!
Welcome, welcome home!
Gone are all our anxious fears,
Answer'd now our pray'rs and tears,
Welcome home, 'midst ringing cheers,
Welcome, welcome home!

Welcome to our loving arms,
Welcome to your rest;
Welcome home from war's alarms,
Safe from death and all that harms,
Victory hath crown'd your arms,
Welcome to your rest.

Canada is proud of you—
Soldiers brave and true!

Ye have dar'd to win or die,
Ye have made the rebels fly,
Let your standards wave on high,
Soldiers brave and true!

Welcome home, though wounded sore,
Battling for the right;
Dreadful marches now are o'er,
Safe from deadly bullets' pour,
Silent now the cannons' roar,
Heroes from the fight!

Welcome home, but some we miss,
Brave hearts, where are they?
Gone where noble spirits are,
Gone beyond the reach of war,
Sleeping peacefully afar,
'Neath the sod and clay.

Welcome home, our soldiers dear,
Welcome, welcome home!
Rebel threats no more we hear,
War's alarms no more we fear,
Now we smile and dry the tear,
As we welcome home!

QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

OUR noble Queen, all hail!
On this thy Jubilee;
True hearts shall never fail
To love and honour thee.

CHORUS.—Victoria, to thee,
From loyal hearts and free,
At this glad time,
From every clime,
Come shouts of Jubilee!

From every land on earth
Thy sons send greetings full,
And proudly own their birth
Beneath thy sovereign rule.—CHORUS.

In many scenes of life
Our hearts round thee entwine;
As mother, Queen, or wife,
Thy virtues nobly shine.—CHORUS.

Let rebels point with scorn,
Or cowards quake with fear,
Thy true sons—British-born,
In memory hold thee dear.—CHORUS.

God spare thee many years,
In trouble send relief;
At last a nation's tears
Shall wet thy grave in grief!—CHORUS.

THE SONS OF ENGLAND.

Respectfully dedicated to the Sons of England in
Canada.

THE sons of England are her boast,
They love her as of yore,
Then pledge to her a loyal toast,
As oft we've done before!

CHORUS.—Her sons are free,
By land or sea,
They know not craven fear!
They dare to fight
For God and right,
For home and kindred dear!

Should foreign powers invade her strand
And taunt her with their boasts,
Her free-born sons from many a land
Would rally round her coasts.

CHORUS.—Her sons are free!

America would send her share
Across Atlantic's wave,
In Freedom's cause their swords declare,
Their mother-land to save.

CHORUS.—Her sons are free!

From Canada would gladly go,
Rose, Thistle, Shamrock green!
They'd help to fight a common foe
And shield their royal Queen.

CHORUS.—Her sons are free!

From far across old Neptune's line
Behold! a loyal band,
Australia—India—would combine
To lend a helping hand.

CHORUS.—Her sons are free!

From distant islands of the sea
Would rise a gallant host,
To prove that England shall be free,
And guarded well her coast.

CHORUS.—Her sons are free!

YOUNG CANADA!

YOUNG Canada! Arise! Arise!
Let Wisdom open wide your eyes,
Be lulled by neither threats nor lies,
Stand well the test of nations!

Though others sell their birthright cheap,
Be ours inviolate to keep
The rights and liberties we reap
Through contact with great nations!

Be true to country, King, and laws,
Defend the "Statutes" clause by clause,
Stand by the right and Freedom's cause,
A peer among the nations!

Our sires were men of noble birth,
'Mong nations foremost on the earth,
Where mountains rise, and seas engirth
The glad homes of free nations!

Our heritage—from sea to sea—
A glorious home for men shall be,
As long as they shall dare be free,
And stand among the nations!

Our boast shall be "The Maple Leaf!"
 Our toil's reward—the golden sheaf!
 Enough for us, and for relief
 Of other poorer nations!

We envy not our neighbour's land,
 We'll guard our own with sword in hand
 And by our attitude command
 Respect from other nations.

THE CANADIAN NATION.

AN ACROSTIC.

THE CANADIAN NATION! This fair new land!
Her name shall yet among great nations stand,
Each son a link in one true loyal band!

CANADIAN to the core!—where prairies roll,
And northward far to the untrodden pole,
No limit East or West but boundless sea,—
All this fair land is ours!—and we are free!
Down through the ages yet to come and go
In this new land a nation strong shall grow,
And send her produce o'er the earth afar,
Nor shrink to guard her own in time of war!

NATION *from* Nations!—all of them were free!
A patriot's boast is—"boundless faith in thee!"
The Briton and the Gaul shall brothers dwell,
In all that makes for peace seek to excel;
One name, one language, and one destiny,
No home for traitors shall be found in thee!

CANADA'S DEFENDERS.

HOME again, our Volunteers,
Home again 'mid ringing cheers,
Vanishing our anxious fears,
Canada's defenders;
From the scenes of strife and war,
From the rifle-pits afar,
True as steel or Polar star,
Canada's defenders.

Back to home and kindred dear,
Back to lov'd ones waiting here,
Back from death and every fear,
Welcome, brave defenders;
Ye did make a noble stand,
Under Middleton's command,
For the honour of our land,
Welcome, brave defenders.

Welcome back to peace and joy,
Welcome back to your employ,
Rebel threats no more annoy,
Canada's defenders;
Stretching wide from sea to sea,
Canada may boast of thee,
Soldiers daring, brave and free,
Canada's defenders.

Let us join the merry throng,
Welcoming with shout and song,
Singing praises loud and long,
To our brave defenders;

•

Ye have made the rebel Riel,
 Cower 'neath your charge of steel,
 Own your pluck, and then appeal
 To our brave defenders.

JUBILEE SONG.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF A NATION.

ALL hail to thee—VICTORIA!
 A name we all revere,
 Thy loyal sons in Canada
 Send forth a British cheer;
 Across the ocean's briny foam
 We hail thy Jubilee,—
 Thou knowest that we love thee well,
 Thy subjects true are we.

CHO.—Then sing the praise of England's Queen,
 Whose many virtues crown her station;
 O'er all the earth this day is seen
 The golden-wedding of a nation.

The sun ne'er sets on thy domains,
 Thy flag floats o'er the free;
 Thy colonies, like precious gems,
 Bespangle every sea!
 Thy ships of war, like buttresses,
 Defend thy honour true,
 And not a son of thine would shrink
 To shed his blood for you!

CHORUS.—Then sing the praise, etc.

•

O may thy life, our noble Queen,
 Be spared from grief and pain,
 And may the land we love so well,
 Her prominence maintain;
 For fifty years thy loving rule
 Hath blessed us day by day;
 Ah! we shall miss thee, gracious Queen,
 When thou art called away!

CHORUS.—Then sing the praise, etc.

THE BRITISH ARMS.

OLD England's flag floats o'er the free,—
 The Cross, Red, White and Blue,
 The British Arms, by land or sea,
 Defend the brave and true;
 Then let us sing her praises well,
 The land we love so dear,
 And of her many conquests tell,
 Won by a British cheer!

CHORUS:—Hurrah! hurrah! the British Arms!
 All tyrant threats defy;
 We fear no foe, nor war's alarms,
 Our motto—"Win or die!"

Old England's steel has stood the test
 On many a foreign field,
 Her sons, the noblest and the best,
 They know not how to yield;
 Her colonies, like precious gems,
 Bespangle every sea,
 Victoria's well-worn diadems
 Shine o'er the brave and free!

CHORUS:—Hurrah! hurrah! the British Arms!

SCOTTISH SELECTIONS.

BEING POEMS ON SCOTTISH THEMES OR IN THE
SCOTTISH DIALECT.

"SCOTTY."

YES! ca' me "Scotty" if ye will,
For sic' a name can mean nae ill,
O' a' nick-names just tak' yer fill,—
I'm quite content wi' "Scotty!"

To be a Scot is nae disgrace,
Maist folk can trust a guid Scotch face,
He's never lang oot o' a place,—
The honest, faithful "Scotty!"

A Scotchman has the knack to plod,
Through thick and thin he'll bear his load,
His trust is aye in richt an' God,—
The perseverin' "Scotty!"

He's 'tentive baith to kirk an' mart,
To friends he's true an' hard to part,
In life's great race he needs nae start,—
"I'll win or dee," says "Scotty!"

An' if he meets wi' ane or twa
O Scotlan's sons when far awa',
They'll 'gree like brithers ane and a',—
A "clannish" man is "Scotty!"

Though aft he travels far frae hame,
He's aye a Scotchman a' the same,
An' prood to crack o' Scotlan's fame,—
A loyal son is "Scotty!"

Should Scotlan' ever need his help,
He'll gie her enemies a skelp,
An' mak' them howl like ony whelp,
And gie respect to "Scotty!"

Then ca' me "Scotty" if ye will,
Nick-name like that can mean nae ill,
I'll shake yer han' wi' richt guid will,
Whene'er ye ca' me "Scotty!"

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"—Yes! who dares say
No!

Tread her battle-fields—read their story!
First—aye, and last—to strike Liberty's blow,—
Old Scotland for ever and glory!

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"—by land or by sea,—
Yes! wherever a British flag waves;
Her motto is "DO, DARE, DIE—OR BE FREE!"
Death to tyrants and freedom to slaves!

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"—in Commerce and Trade,
Discovery, Conquest, and Learning;
At home and abroad a name she has made,
Brain, muscle, and nerve well discerning.

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"—in Home, Church, and
School,
God's precepts were early imparted;
Love, Chivalry, Honour, and Freedom's rule,
Were taught by our parents true-hearted!

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER!"—our motto shall be,
Her memories dear let us cherish;
If we forget thee—"Auld Scotland, the Free!"
Let our names and our mem'ry perish!

SCOTLAND! MY NATIVE LAND.

SCOTLAND! my own, my native land,
Thy broomy hills and silv'ry streams,
They haunt me on this foreign strand—
How oft I see them in my dreams!
I clap my hands in childish glee,
And play again upon thy shore;
But, waking, weep!—no more for me
Those happy, happy days of yore.

I've wander'd from thee, fairest land!
And pine upon another shore,—
Strange sights and scenes on ev'ry hand
Remind me that I love thee more!
A sprig of heather from thy hills,
A bonnie flower from yon sweet dell,—
At sight of these my fond heart thrills
And throbs beneath their potent spell!

I hear a song—a song of thee!
Sung in the Doric, pure and sweet,
Of Scottish love and chivalry,
With pleasure I am like to greet;
I hear a voice—one like my own—
While passing by some market-place.
In accent, pathos, twang, and tone—
And claim my kin—a Scottish face!

Oh! dearest land on God's fair earth,
May I be spar'd thy face to see!
Land of my sires!—Land of my birth!
None other can be "hame" to me!
Where'er my wand'ring footsteps rove,
My heart is ever true to thee;
And warmest blessings, pray'rs, and love,
Are daily wafted ower the sea!

BRUCE AND BANNOCKBURN.

IN COMMEMORATION OF JUNE 24TH, 1314.

LET Scotia's sons with honour tell
Of how our fathers fought so well,
And how proud Edward's legions fell
Upon the field of Bannockburn!

Our sires knew well that on that day
The fate of Scotland's future lay,
Yet eager were they for the fray
Upon the field of Bannockburn!

De Bruce reviewed his trusty band,
And o'er them stretched his brave right hand:

*“Fight for your rights and this fair land,
Or die with me at Bannockburn!”*

The dawn of day crept o'er the hill;
The Scottish army—calm and still—
Committed to God's holy will
The loss or gain of Bannockburn!

On! on! the English forces flew,
A hundred men to one I trew,
Yet routed were they by a few
Brave Scottish Clans at Bannockburn!

Ere yet that evening's sun had set
The field with English blood was wet,
For there the Sons of Scotland met
To claim their rights at Bannockburn!

Let sires their sons this history tell
Of how our fathers fought and fell,
For Freedom that they loved so well
And won for us at Bannockburn!

GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT DARGAI.

“GORDON HIGHLANDERS! CHARGE!”—The
pipers played,
Not a soul drew back—not a man afraid!
“The Cock o' the North!” crow'd loud in their
ears,
As they answered back with three British cheers!
Up the Dargai Heights the Gordons flew,—

It was "DEATH OR VICTORY" well they knew;
Yet, as long as they heard the pipers play,
Foot-by-foot they climb'd for the bloody fray!

While the enemy rain'd down deadly shot
And the ranks were thinn'd where the fire was hot,
Still the pipers play'd on with might and main,
As the Gordons charged for the heights again!
With a rush and a bound they scal'd the height.—
Hark!—"BAYONETS CHARGE!"—how the Gordons
fight!

While, 'mid carnage and blood, the pipers fell,
On stumps played they "Cock o' the North"
right well!

'Ere the bugle sounded at set of sun,
The heights were taken!—the battle was won!
'Mid the groans of dying and wounded men,
Findlater was heard "at his pipes" again!
It cheered the dying in their last despair,—
Such music and "VICTORY!" rent the air:—
Through "the valley of Death" then march'd
they forth,
To the martial strains of "Cock o' the North!"

Oh! mothers at home! mourn not for your sons,
For they bravely fell 'neath the rebel guns;
Their deeds shall be told till the end of time,—
To fall like a hero is death sublime!
In the battle of life this lesson teach,—
We all have "Our Dargai Heights" to reach;
And, gain we the summit, or, fighting, fall,
God crowns His heroes at Death's roll-call!

"HALF MEN!—HALF WOMEN!"

KRUGER'S ESTIMATE OF HIGHLAND SOLDIERS.

TENDER in Love! but fierce in war!
"Half men!—half women!"
Your motto—"Touch me, if ye daur!"
"Half men!—half women!"
Equal in valour,—one to ten!
Proclaim it to the world again:—
The brave ones are the tender men!
"Half men!—half women!"

Kruger truthfully hath spoken,
"Half men!—half women!"
See! his bravest ranks are broken!
"Half men!—half women!"
Brave Gordons! charge!—the Boers must feel
The terrors of your walls of steel;
"Cock o' the North" the bagpipes squeal!
"Half men!—half women!"

Remember deeds of valour done,—
"Half men!—half women!"
Remember fields of glory won,—
"Half men!—half women!"
In Britain's battles do your share,
Bring honour to the name you bear,
Boers shall respect the dress you wear!
"Half men!—half women!"

And when the struggle shall be o'er,
"Half men!—half women!"
Return in peace to Scotland's shore,
"Half men!—half women!"

Your mothers, sisters, brothers dear,
 Will welcome you with many a cheer;
 And soon forget old Kruger's sneer,—
 "Half men!—half women!"

MY HEART IS SCOTLAND'S YET.

O H, weel I loe the Scottish tongue,
 The language o' my hame,
 An' weel I loe a sang that's sung
 In praise o' Scotland's fame;
 It mak's me think o' happy days
 An' scenes o' beauty rare,
 There's something in my heart that says:
 There's nae lan' half sae fair!

CHORUS.—My heart is Scotland's yet,
 Though I bide ower the sea:
 I never can forget
 The lan' sae dear tae me!

When travelin' in a foreign lan'
 I hear a Scottish voice,
 Instinctively I gie my han',
 An' baith o' us rejoice;
 An' then we crack o' Scotland's fame,
 Recite her battles ower,
 An' feel we yet could daur the same
 Our faithers daur'd before!

CHORUS.—My heart is Scotland's yet!

Oh, Scotland is a bonnie place,
 Wi' scenery sublime;
 Whaur Nature smiles wi' fairest face
 That stan's the test o' time!

Each mountain, river, loch, or glen,
 Are fu' o' storied fame;
 Wha reads the history o' her men
 Can ne'er forget their name!

CHORUS.—My heart is Scotland's yet!

In every lan' roun' a' the earth
 Are leal hearts true tae thee;
 An' prood are they tae own their birth
 Ayont the wide saut sea,
 Whaur towers the mountains bold an' gran'
 Like guardians o' the free,—
 Oh, here's my heart, an' there's my han',
 Dear Scotland, aye tae thee!

CHORUS.—My heart is Scotland's yet!

SLAUGHTER OF THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.

December 11, 1899.

BLACK Watch, Gordons, Seaforths—four thou-
 sand strong—

March'd through the darkness of an Afric'
 night,—

Noiseless and slow, the tangl'd veldt along,

To charge the foe on Magersfontein Height!

Hark!—a soldier falls—(the cursed barb wire,

Treach'rous as a Boer)—trap'd in blood and
 pain,

Discharg'd his gun!—down came the Boer's red
fire
Upon the ambush'd host, like deadly rain!

Searchlights and shells turn'd midnight into day,
Baff'd and blinded, charg'd the Highland host!
Brave Wauchope, foremost, fell amid the fray—
“Obeying orders,”—counting not the cost!
We think not less of the Highland brigade,
Who fell while attempting “a forlorn hope;”
They bravely fac'd death, as if on parade,
Now,—“Steady, men,—steady!” said brave
Wauchope!

.

Next day the sun set golden in the West—
A holy calm preceded by a storm;
A solemn sadness fill'd each Highland breast
As to the grave they trod in martial form;
Thè pibroch sounded forth, in wailing strain,
Sounds, sighs, and sobs, too deep for human
speech,—
For comrades ne'er to join in ranks again,
Who fell like heroes in the deadly breach!

Brave Highland chief! thy soldiers sleep with
thee,
Who led them forth on many a bloody field;
Now take thy rest,—“the remnant” yet shall see
A day of victory, when thy foes shall yield!
Dream on! dream on! while loving friends at
home,
With bated breath recite thy virtues o'er;

Life's battle fought, a meeting-time shall come,
When sunder'd hearts shall meet to part no
more!

Oh, Scotland! mourn not for thy noble dead,—
Who die in Freedom's cause know not despair;
God's angels watch and ward their lowly bed,
Earth's heroes are His own peculiar care!
Whom God elects to serve His purpose wise,
He will protect their lov'd ones—far or near;
There is a home for such beyond the skies,
In His great heart of Love a place most dear!

SONS OF SCOTLAND.

Respectfully dedicated to Robert Burns Camp, No. 1,
S.O.S., Toronto.

SONS of Scotland! land of freedom!
Sons of noble sires, all hail!
Let your watchword aye be "Freedom!"
You shall evermore prevail:
Let the wrong be deeply hated,
Let the right be prized like love,
Martyr-courage unabated,
Trusting in your God above!

Sons of Scotland! bards historic
Sang your deeds of noble fame,
Let not tyranny plethoric
Tarnish your unsullied name;

History gives us what we cherish,
Ours to still maintain the right
May that history never perish,
Though we perish in the fight!

Like the waters from our fountains,
Giving strength to flesh and bone;
Like the thistle on our mountains,
Harmless, if but let alone!
Ours to shield the needy stranger,
Ours to put the erring right;
Ours to stand in time of danger,
And, if need be, ours to fight!

Dear old Scotia! land of flowers,
Land of mountain, hill and vale,
Land of sunshine, shade and showers,
Land of river, loch, and dale;
Land of ever-changing beauty,
Land of liberty and love;
Scotchmen! tread the path of duty,
Till you reach the land above!

OH! THE BONNIE, BONNIE HILLS!

OH! the bonnie, bonnie hills
Wi' their taps sae green an' high,
An' the music o' the rills
As they rin' doon frae the sky;
Where the lammies skip an' play,
An' the rabbits rin sae sleet,
A' the lee lang simmer's day,—
Oh! the bonnie hills for me!

Oh! the bonnie, bonnie lake,
In the bosie o' the hill,
Where the siller fish we take
As reward o' time and skill;
We never seemed to weary,
Though the fish were unco shy,
An' the scene was sometimes eerie,
As the nicht was drawin' nigh!

Oh! the bonnie, bonnie glens
Where the shepherd builds his cot,
An' the wee herd laddie kens
Where to find the coolest spot;
An' he tak's no count o' time,
For the gloamin' bides sae lang,
Then he gangs hame wi' some rhyme
O' a well-kent Scottish sang!

Oh! the cool an' shady wuds,
Wi' the birds a' singin' sweet,
Where ye canna see the cluds
An' are safe frae rain or heat;
Where we ate oor halesome meal
An' the mid-day hour beguil'd,
Or the stately trees we climbed
For the nuts a' growin' wild!

Oh! the bonnie, bonnie sea,
Wi' its gold an' siller sheen,
An' the sights sae dear to me
O' the auld familiar scene;
Though I'm far ayont the sea
Frae the lan' that gied me birth,
Yet these scenes are dear to me
As the sweetest things o' earth!

AYE BE PROOD O' SCOTLAND.

O H, I'll aye be prood o' Scotland
Wherever I may be,
There never was a fairer land
Girt by the rolling sea!
Wi' mountains tow'ring up on high,
Lochs, rivers, flowing free,
Lang gloamin' sunsets in the sky,
A bonnie sicht to see!

CHORUS.—Bonnie, bonnie Scotland,
The land sae dear to me;
Bonnie, bonnie Scotland,
I'll aye be prood o' thee!

Oh I'll aye be prood o' Scotland,
Her commerce and her trade
Can equal that of any land
On earth, 'tis freely said;
Her ships, the best that man can make
To cross the stormy sea,
For tonnage, size, and speed they take
The "A One" guarantee!—CHORUS.

Oh, I'll aye be prood o' Scotland,
Where genius brightly burns,
Wi' monuments on ilka hand
To Wallace, Knox and Burns!
Such names as these shall ever stand
High on the scroll of fame,
Her sons are found in every land,
A credit to her name!—CHORUS.

Oh, I'll aye be prood o' Scotland,
 Her heather and her hills,
 Roun' a' the earth there is nae land
 Such love my bosom thrills;
 I'll brave the dangers o' the deep
 Auld Scotland's face to see,
 An' when I dee I'd like to sleep
 My lang last sleep in thee!—CHORUS.

BACK TO BONNIE SCOTLAND.

BACK to bonnie Scotland,
 Ower the wide saut sea;
 Yonder are the hill-taps,
 Dear as life to me!
 Back to kith and kindred,
 Hame again at last,
 Joy and sorrow mingled,
 Memories o' the past!

CHORUS.—Back to Bonnie Scotland,
 Ower the wide saut sea;—
 Back to hame an' lov'd ones,
 Dear as life to me!

I am almost speechless
 Wi' a gratefu' joy,
 To see the scenes again
 I saw when but a boy;
 Bonnie purple heather
 Crowns the rugged hills,
 Scenes o' youth an' gladness,
 A' my bosom thrills!—CHORUS.

Back to bonnie Scotland,
A' my dreams come true,
Toil an' care forgotten,
Wi' a glint o' you!
Tears runnin' ower my cheek
But no wi' dool an' pain;
My heart is in a lowe
To meet wi' frien's again!—CHORUS.

THE BONNIE ARRAN HILLS.

AS I approach thee, lovely Clyde,
My heart wi' rapture thrills,
My longing eyes behold wi' pride
The bonnie Arran hills;
The graceful bend o' Brodick Bay
Calls back the scenes o' yore,
When many a happy summer's day
Was spent upon thy shore?

CHORUS—

Oh, Arran hills! dear Arran hills!
I've long'd sae aft to see;
Wi' native pride my bosom thrills,
Weel may I sing o' thee!

And there, defying change o' Time,
Stan's clear against the sky,
The mountain-tap I used to climb,
Dear auld Goat Fell sae high;
Glen Sannox nestles at thy fit—
The sight my rapture wins—

An' roon thy sides the swallows flit,
 'Mang heather, flowers, and whins!

CHORUS—Oh, Arran hills! dear Arran hills!

The bonnie Arran hills for me
 Wi' sunlit taps o' glory,
 Fit emblem o' the brave an' free
 O' ancient Scottish story!
 When far frae thee o'er ocean wide,
 Fond memories come to cheer me,
 I'll sing o' thee wi' loyal pride,
 An' wish I was but near thee!

CHORUS—Oh, Arran hills! dear Arran hills!

TO GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

DEAR Glasca! aft I think o' thee,
 An' happy days lang syne,
 Though distant, thou art dear tae me,
 By memory's sacred shrine;
 Aft hae I climb'd Balmano's steep,
 An' ran doon Portlan' brae,
 An' gather'd "gushes" in a heap,
 Wi' mony a gled "hurra!"

In summer time, whan schule was out,
 An' we had got "the play!"
 I've wannert mony a mile about
 The hale lang simmer's day;
 A favourite place was Glasca Green,
 By bonnie banks o' Clyde,
 Where Nelson's monument is seen,—
 Our hero an' our pride!

An' aft we went by Broomielaw,
Tae Renfrew's cosy toon,
There mony a noisy luckless craw
We manag'd tae shoot doon!
Then ower the Clyde, tae Kelvinside,
We took oor hameward way,
Weel pleased tae ride tae whaur we'd bide,
Sae tired were we that day!

Oh! Glasca, dear! I've drapt a tear
O' happiness an' joy,
At a' thy memories sae dear
Whan I was bit a boy!
Three thoosan' miles are stretch'd atween,
My new hame an' my auld,
Yet in my heart sweet memories green,
S'all bide till I'm deed cauld!

DEAR LAND AYONT THE SEA.

I STAND upon a foreign shore
And gaze across the sea,
Fond memories bridge the waters o'er,
Sweet home-thoughts come to me;
Once more I see the bonnie hills,
Feel gladsome, young and free,
My heart with loyal rapture thrills—
Dear land ayont the sea.

I see aince mair the gowans fair,
And scent the hawthorn bloom,
I feel the pure sweet mountain air
Blaw fresh from heather broom;

I hear glad voices as of yore
Sing sangs o' love to me,
Oh! shall I ever see thee more,
Dear land ayont the sea!

May Heaven grant me this request
Before the day I dee,
To see the land I love the best,
My birthplace o'er the sea;
And oh! methinks I would be blest,
When soars my spirit free,
To ken my body yet would rest
At hame ayont the sea.

ON A VISIT TO THE "OLD COUNTRY."

ACROSS the wide Atlantic sea
Our steamer speeds her way,
Great billows rolling grand and free
Rest not by night or day.

At last the land recedes from sight,—
The great new land of hope,
Where enterprise and honest might
Find fair and ample scope.

A week has pass'd, yet sea and sky
Seem all of earth to me,
Until at last the welcome cry
Is heard with joy and glee:—

“Land, ho!—land, ho!” a sailor cries,
But naught to us is seen:
An hour or two, and then our eyes
Behold the welcome scene:—

Great headlands rise, like sentries bold,
Or guardians of the land;
Their tops, like helmets, shine with gold
In sunset hues so grand!

Still on we speed, with hope and joy
Our hearts feel like to sing!
Our thoughts on “home” find sweet employ
As early scenes up-spring!

The fair green hills of Ireland rise,
Resplendent to the view,
And seem an earthly Paradise
To loving hearts and true!

’Tis hard to leave the deck to-night,
I scarce can go to sleep;
I toss and dream, till morning light
Comes shining o’er the deep!

Now, dear old Scotia’s mountains rise
As up the Clyde we steam;
Like friends of old they cheer our eyes,
Or like a pleasant dream!

At last we reach the same old pier
Where years ago we parted;
Here once we wept, now joy’s glad tear
From loving eyes has started!

Oh, friends of early days, and "home"
Of childhood's happy years!
My thoughts are yours where'er I roam,
For you my prayers and tears!

HAME—YET NO AT HAME!

I TOOK my way ayont the sea
Wi' thoughts on pleasure bent,
Nigh twenty years had gane ower me
Since frae my hame I went.

Bit, noo I'm here, I stranger feel
Than if I were abroad;
I find the spots I kent sae weel
Ca'd some new-fangled road!

I daunder up an' doon the street
Where aince I used to play,
An' scarce a kent face dae I meet
The lee-lang simmer's day!

My heart is sair—I canna tell
The reason why it's sae—
An' aftentimes I ask mysel'
Why do I feel sae wae?

I ask for Jock, an' Tam, an' Will—
My cronies a' o' yore:
Some gane awa'—some could an' still—
An' few are to the fore!

Imagination's a' at fault
I find oot to my cost—
For Time his subtle change has wrought,
Kent faces a' are lost!

I pictur'd them as when I last
Beheld each bonnie bro',—
The lads and lassies o' the past
Are men an' women noo!

An' some had even quite forgot
That ever I had been,
Until we minded o' a lot
O' scenes we each had seen!

Then had we mony a hearty laugh
At a'e thing an' anither,
An', as a social cup we'd quaff,
We felt each like a brither.

We took a trip far doon the Clyde
Amang the hills an' heather,
'Twas then I thocht I'd like to bide
In Scotlan' a' thegither!

The hills were just the very same,
The lochs an' glens sae bonnie,
I felt aince mair I was at hame—
An' proud o' hame as ony.

Oh! Scotlan', thou shalt ever be
A patriot's boast an' glory;
I'll brag o' you when ower the sea,
An' aften tell this story!

ST. ANDREW'S NICHT.

THE farther Scotchmen gang frae hame
 They seem to grow the fonder
 O' everything that's Scotch in name,
 An' crack aboot it yonder—
 Ayont Atlantic's briny foam;
 They a' ken ane anither—
 The Scot's at hame where'er he roam,
 An' share to find a brither!

CHORUS—

St. Andrews, Caledonians, Clans,
 As Sons of Scotland gather;
 An' Gaelic braw "John Hielan'mans!"
 Are prood o' hame and heather!

An' whan St. Andrew's day comes roon
 There's aye a demonstration,
 They march wi' pipers through the toon,
 In honour o' oor nation;
 At nicht they spread a table fair,
 An' mak' a jolly pairty,—
 They're sure to hae a' guid things there
 Tae mak' them crouse an' hearty!

—CHORUS.

The hall is set a' roon wi' flags,
 And sometimes screeds o' tartan;
 Wi' claymores, shields, and heids o' stags,
 Frae Oban and Dumbarton!
 Each coat, in button-hole, is seen
 A sprig o' Heilan' heather,
 Wi' a bonnie rose-bud in between,
 To show they gree thegither!—CHORUS.

It's then they crack o' Scotland's micht,
O' Wallace, Knox, an' Burns;
An' how a Scotchman fechts for richt,—
Gie speeches a' in turns!
The auld Scotch sangs their hearts enthral,
They lo'e the words sae fine,
Tae the "wee short hour ayont the twal,"
Whan they pairt wi' "Auld Lang Syne!"
—CHORUS.

THE LADS WI' THE KILTS.

HERE'S a sang to the lads wi' the kilts,
The bonnet, the plaid, an' the feather,
For in battle their courage ne'er wilts,
Nor care they a preen for the weather!
Wi' a charge o' cauld steel
They wad face man or deil,
The sonsie braw sons o' the heather!

To see oor braw Hielan' lads drillin'
Mak's me think o' the lan' yont the sea,
My heart sweels fu' big wi' its feelin',
When I think they wad fecht, win or dee!
Wi' a charge o' cauld steel
They wad mak' their foes reel,
An' be glad aff the field for to flee!

Should invaders set fit on oor soil,
They wad think they'd stappit on thistles,
For oor lads wad soon mak' them recoil
At the point o' polish'd steel bristles!

At the touch o' cauld steel,
They wad mak' them a' squeal
An' beware Scotch Canadian thistles!

Feth, oor braw Hielan' sodgers sae fine,
Will yet bring Young Canada glory,
They are sons o' the men o' lang syne
That focht on auld Scotlan's fields gory!
When they charge wi' cauld steel,
Traitors, rebels, shall feel
That fechtin' wi' them is sheer folly!

Hurrah for kilts, bonnet, an' feather,
An' the braw, strappin' lads on the field,
They carena for wind or for weather,
And at fechtin' they never can yield!
For shouther to shouther,
Wi' shell, shot, an' pouter
They wad soon clear their foes aff the field!

THE BONNETS O' GLENGARRY.

O' a' the hats that e'er I saw,
The brawest ane amang them a'
Is made o' neither felt nor straw,
The bonnets o' Glengarry!

For comfort they can ne'er be beat,
They're baith a pleasure an' a treat,
They fit the croon o' man sae neat,
The bonnets o' Glengarry!

They stan' the test o' wind an' weather,
When buskit wi' a braw big feather,
An' twa three sprigs o' Hielan' heather,
The bonnets o' Glengarry!

Whan Scotlan' was in sore distress,
Her sodger lads, in Hielan' dress,
Rose up in airms her cause to bless,
Wi' bonnets o' Glengarry!

Whan England fought at Waterloo,
She ca'd for Scotlan's help sae true,
An' tae the front oor laddies flew,
Wi' bonnets o' Glengarry.

Then get awa' wi' this an' that,
Your "gerry," "lum" an' "cockit hat!"
A fig for them that's sneerin' at
My bonnet o' Glengarry!

Noo, let me say "guid-bye" to you,
An' tak' my Hielan' bonnet noo,
Nae ither clout shall croon my broo,
Than that frae auld Glengarry!

IN MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

ONE hundred years since Burns died,
And hundreds more may roll,
Stil shall he be Auld Scotia's pride,
High on her honour'd scroll;
His songs have won the human heart
Wherever shines the sun—
Great High-Priest of poetic art,
Thy work was nobly done!

They say that thou art dead—not so!
True poets never die!
For on and on their measures flow,
As boundless as the sky!
Glad songs of HOPE, and LOVE, and TRUTH,
Shall never know decay—
Burns lives in an eternal youth,
While empires pass away.

His songs of HOPE have cheer'd the slave
On many a dark domain,
Glad echoes roll from wave to wave,
And bid them break their chain!
*“Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!”*
Burns taught the Brotherhood of Man,
The tyrant laugh'd to scorn!

His songs of LOVE are sung to-day
On every foreign shore,
And shall with human hearts hold sway
Till time shall be no more!
Their dove notes mild can soothe a child,
Or play the lover's part,
In court or cottage—love-beguiled—
They woo and win the heart!

His songs of TRUTH all creeds uphold—
“A man's a man for a' that!”
An honest man's as good as gold,
An' nane can yet misca' that!
He had his faults, and so have we,
His virtues let us cherish;
His songs are sung from sea to sea,
Burns' name shall never perish!

THE THISTLE.

“NOW, why do Scotchmen use the Thistle
As emblem of their country dear?
A useless plant, with many a bristle,
One scarce can touch without a fear!

“There must be some good cause, I gather,
Why such a flow’r should be their pride;”
I ask’d the question of my father,
But he my ignorance did chide!

“My boy, let history truly tell,
Of bygone years of war and strife,
When noble sires fought long and well,
And for their country gave their life!

“O’er flood and field, o’er brake and fen,
The fierce invader sought our land;
Out-numbered were our gallant men,
But, ah! they made a noble stand!

“One morn before the break of day,
Our foes crept near our slumb’ring camp;
They might by stealth have won the day,
Did not one on a Thistle stamp!

“A cry of pain our sentries heard,
A quick alarm then was given,
At once each gleaming sword was bar’d,
And backward Scotland’s foes were driven!

“ Since then the Thistle is our pride,
 ‘Gae, touch me if ye daur,’ it says;
 And Scotchmen true, where’er they ’bide,
 Revere the Thistle all their days!”

THE DYING SCOT ABROAD.

“ A H, me! ah, me!
 An’ maun I dee,
 Sae far frae kith an’ kin?
 How prood I’d be,
 If spar’d tae see
 The lan’ ma heart bides in!

“ I’ve wannert far,
 In peace an’ war,
 An’ fought for Scotlan’s Queen,
 Yet here I dee,
 Sae far frae thee,—
 Saut tears fill up my e’en.

“ Dear freens an’ kind,
 Please bear in mind,
 An’ send this message hame:
 My mither dear
 Wad like tae hear—
I trust in Jesus name.”

’Mid friends’ sad sighs
 He clos’d his eyes,
 And pass’d from earth to Heav’n;
 Yet, e’en in death,
 With latest breath,
 His thoughts to “HOME” were giv’n.

THE HIELAN' FLING.

Dedicated to the Gaelic Society, Toronto.

GAE 'wa' wi' a' your fancy trash,
The piper to me bring!
The dances noo are wishy-wash,
Gie me the Hielan' fling!
It makes my bluid loup like a boy's
To hear the bagpipes skirl,
Baith young an' auld may weel rejoice
To see the kilties birl.

Bring oot yer lads an' lassies fair
Upon the village green,
An' let me see them dance aince mair,—
A sicht for auld Scotch e'en!
I feel as licht's a feather noo—
Ma feet 'll no 'bide still;
I think I'll jine the lassies too,
An' dance wi' richt guidwill!

Hech! Geordie, man! that sounds fu' weel,
Whan ye blaw up yer chanter!
I feel I maist could fecht the deil,
An' mak' him tak' a canter!
Noo, in their place, they a' advance,
An' beck an' bow thegither,
An' lauch to see us jine the dance—
Their faither an' their mither!

An' what for no! I'd like to ken,
Should we no feel sae jolly?
A turn like this ta'en noo an' then
Is cure for melancholy!

Then blaw awa', guid Geordie, man,
 An' geist in "double time!"
 A'm sure we'll dae the best we can;
 Hech! this is unco' prime!

A BUNCH O' HEATHER.

ADDRESS ON RECEIVING A BUNCH OF HIGHLAND
 HEATHER IN AMERICA.

DEAR token frae my native lan',
 Thou bonnie bunch o' heather!
 I'll shelter ye wi' tender han'
 Frae oor extremes o' weather;
 I'll plant ye in a pat o' mool
 Brought a' the way frae Oban,
 An' slochan ye wi' water cool
 An' clear as frae Loch Lomon'!

An' when the Scotchman's day comes roon—
 Saint Andra's day sae cheerie—
 I'll tak' ye wi' me to the toon,
 To busk my auld Glengarry;
 An' you'll see faces there you ken,
 Wha speiled wi' me the heather,—
 Braw Hielan' lasses an' their men
 Shall dance a reel thegither!

Then will I gie ye bit-by-bit,
 Each ane a sprig o' heather,—
 To keep ye a' I'll no be fit
 Aince we meet a' thegither!

At sight o' ye we'll a' feel good,
We loe sae ane anither;
For, ye maun ken, we're unco proud
O' Scotlan' an' her heather!

How aft your purple face has seen
Auld Scotia's heroes gather?
How aft the martyr's bluid hath been
Spill'd ruthless on the heather?
For Freedom, Liberty, an' Right,
Read Scotlan's deathless story,
Oor faithers left us by their might
A heritage o' glory!

SCOTCH DAINTIES.

GIE a Scotchman a guid cog o' brose,
Wi' milk just new drawn frae the coo,
Feth, ye'll no see him turn up his nose,
But tak' them, an' then smack his moo'!

CHORUS—Brose, parritch, kail, haggis an' bannocks
Are dainties abune a' compare!
Nae English, French, Yankees or Canucks,
Could mak' such a gran' bill o' fare!

Guid parritch for weans is sae healthy,
It mak's them grow strong, fat an' weel,
Dyspeptics are aye 'mang the wealthy,—
They eat what wad sicken an eel!

CHORUS—Brose, parritch, kail, etc,

Noo, what is sae guid as Scotch kail,
Wi' carrots, an' turnips, an' leeks:
Hielan'men are braw, hearty an' hale—
Yet gang a' the year without breeks!

CHORUS.—Brose, parritch, kail, etc.

But the haggis is king o' the table,—
A Scotchman's maist toothfu' delight;
By dining on that he is able
To match ony twa in a fight!

CHORUS.—Brose, parritch, kail, etc.

When spying for game in Glen Sannox,
Ahint a wheen stanes on my knees,
What's sweeter than crumpin' oat bannocks,
An' eating a' whang o' guid cheese?

CHORUS.—Brose, parritch, kail, etc.

Brose, parritch, kail, haggis an' bannocks
Wad mak' lean consumptives grow fat,
Though they'd sleep oot at nicht in hammocks,
They'd ne'er be a bit waur o' that!

CHORUS.—Brose, parritch, kail, etc.

Then gie us oor dainty Scotch farin',
We'll honour the auld muckle pat!
For pastry an' pies we're no carin',
Scotch laddies are no built wi' that!

CHORUS.—Brose, parritch, kail, etc.

A LETTER FRAE OWER THE SEA.

O H! it nearly tak's my breath awa'
To get a letter frae hame,
An' afore I read a word or twa,
I can guess the sender's name!
This ane, I ken, is frae Maggie dear,
The lassie I loe sae weel,
An' while I'm readin' she's standin' near,
Her presence I seem to feel!

CHORUS.—It's nice to get a letter frae hame,
Fu' o' love, an' joy, an' cheer;
I needna open't to ken the name
O' the lassie I loe sae dear!

It minds me o' happy days gane by
When we ran aboot the braes,
I scarcely can keep my winkers dry
At the thoughts o' bygane days!
The letter it scents o' summer flowers,
And the saut sea's caller air,
My heart gaes back to the twilight oors,
That Maggie an' I spent there!—CHORUS.

The best ane o' a' I gat the day,
It made me sae happy an' glad,
It told o' a ship that sail'd away
Wi' a lassie to meet her lad!
Noo, I maun awa' to meet my ain,
My Maggie frae ower the sea!
I'll marry her noo, an' aye be fain,
For she has been true to me!—CHORUS.

A SCOTCH SURPRISE PARTY.

A E nicht I sat my lee-some lain,
Beside the big ha' stove,
A-dreamin' ower an' ower again
O' folk an' scenes I love;
In thocht I cross'd the big saut sea,
An' smelt the caller air
O' bonnie Scotland, dear to me,
My native lan' sae fair!

Guid bless my heart! what's that I hear?
The strains o' "Tullochgorum!"
Some Hielan' laddies maun be near,
Guid feith, I'll join their quorum!
I took my bonnet frae the wa',
An' roun' me drew my plaidie,
Then, briskly stappit frae the ha'
Said—"Lads, I'll walk beside ye!"

We march'd a' up an' doon the toon,
The chanter gaed a-hummin';
The piper noo had changed his tune:—
"The Campbells are a-comin'!"
It made me walk sae smart an' vain,
I couldna' speak my feelin's,—
It seem'd to me like hame again,
An' I were in the Hielan's!

We marched into a great big ha',
Like colts we a' got prancin',
Sine lads an' lassies ane an' a'
Pair'd oot an' fell a-dancin'!

It was a happy nicht to me,
Wi' fun an' daffin' cheerie;
I'll mind it till the day I dee,—
We never seem'd to wearie!

We a' join'd hands an' made a ring,
Ilk jo link'd to his dearie,
An' then we a' began to sing:—
“For a' lang syne,” fu' cheerie!
'Twas then amang the wee sma' hours,
The snaw was fa'in' rarely:
Ilk tartan plaid wrapt twa Scotch flowers,
The piper played—“Prince Charlie!”

THERE'S NAE FOLK LIKE OOR FOLK.

THERE'S nae folk like oor folk,
Gae travel whaur ye will,
There's guid stuff in oor stock,
Frae ilka glen or hill;
Scotland is a sma' place,
But a' the warld ower,
Ye'll aye see a Scotch face,
O' men they are the flower!

There's nae folk like oor folk,
Their hearts are kind and true;
There's aye meal in oor pock
For a' oorsels an' you!
Ye'll ne'er want a true frien'
When worth the giftie earns
Kindly words are aye gie'n
Amang John Tamson's bairns!

There's nae folk like oor folk
 When frien's are ill or dee,
 The feelin' word is aye spoke,
 When sorrow dims the e'e;
 I'll dee at peace abroad,
 Wi' Scotchmen by my side,—
 We're a' the bairns o' God,
 Tho' scatter'd far an' wide.

YER MITHER!

WHA had the bringin' o' ye up,
 An' gied ye bosie, bite, an' sup,
 Aye cuddl'd ye sae cosie up?—
 Yer mither!

Wha wrapp'd ye in her warm bed-claes,
 An' tuck'd a' in yer han's an' taes;
 Croon'd ye to sleep wi' "Banks and Braes?"—
 Yer mither!

Who made yer first wee pair o' breeks,
 That "sprang a leak' in twa-three weeks,
 Then patch'd them up wi' clouts an' steeks?—
 Yer mither!

What help'd ye wi' yer A B C,
 An' count-the-clock—twal, ane, twa, three!
 Then "piece-an'-sugar" wad ye gie?—
 Yer mither?

Who ca'd ye aye her ain wee man,
 Whan errants noo-an'-then ye ran,
 Syne lat ye scart the jellie pan?—
 Yer mither!

Wha made ye ready for the schule,
An' bade yer han s an' feet be still,
Syne ca'd ye aft "a glaikit fule?"—
Yer mither!

Wha skelpit ye whan ye did wrang,
Then sooth'd ye wi' an auld Scotch sang,
An' gied ye breed-an'-cheese a whang?—
Yer mither!

On Sabbath, wha hid bools and ba's,
An' wash'd yer hakit feet an' claws,
Then gart ye learn God's holy laws?—
Yer mither!

Wha took ye wi' her tae the kirk,
An' tauld ye no tae sleep or smirk,
But "min' the text"—"nae heeds to shirk?"—
Yer mither!

An' whan ye grew to be a man,
Wha lik'd to hear ye lay yer plan
To learn a trade—dae what ye can—
For mither?

An' whan her time cam' roun' to dee,
Wha bade ye dry yer tearfu' e'e,
An' meet her, yont life's stormy sea?—
Yer mither!

Wha pray'd that you'd be guid an' great,
An' no lose grup o' Heaven's estate,—
Wha'll meet you first at Heaven's gate?—
Yer mither!

TAK' YOUR MITHER'S ADVICE.

COME, lassies and lads, noo listen to me—
Tak' aye your mither's advice!
If ye wad be wise, an' escape life's snares,
Gang hame an' tell mither your joys an' cares,
You're aye in her thochts, an' aft in her prayers,
Sae, tak' your mither's advice.

Her counsel is wise an' safe to follow—
Then, tak' your mither's advice;
She's kent ye langest o' ony on earth,
'Tended ye weel since the day o' your birth,
She'll soothe you in pain, or join you in mirth,
Sae, tak' your mither's advice!

Dinna think ye ken as muckle as her,
But tak' your mither's advice!
Wha tak's her advice prosperity wins,
A biddenless wean to destruction rins,
She kens life's sorrows, its oots an' its ins,
Sae, tak' your mither's advice!

When lads come courtin' in her aye confide,
An' tak' your mither's advice!
If they're weel daein' she'll no say them, Nay,
But bid them come ben an' be cheerie as day,
Guid lads like a lassie that acts in that way,
An' tak's her mither's advice!

Should lads ever say—"Noo, dinna' you mind,
Don't tak' your mither's advice!"
You'll find oot in time, tho' mebbe too late,
He's no your best frien', an' left to your fate,
You'll learn this lesson—'tis better to wait,
An' tak' your mither's advice!

Ye'll no hae her lang, be kind to her noo,
An' tak' your mither's advice!
As lang as she lives she'll aye be your frien',
Nae love like a mither's on earth may be seen,
An' when she's awa' keep her memory green,
She aye gied ye guid advice!

CA' IN AS YE GAE BY!

OOR hoose is sma', but snod and clean,
Ye'll get a welcome frae oor Jean,
Her scourin'-things shine like a preen,—
Aye ca' in as ye gae by!

CHORUS.—We'll mak' ye welcome, Jean an' I,
Aye ca' in as ye gae by;
Tho' ye be hungry, wat or dry,
Aye ca' in as ye gae by!

Oor bonnie weans—like staps-an'-stairs—
Will no pit on dour, saucy airs,
But rin an' get ye cosy chairs,—
Aye ca' in as ye gae by!—CHORUS.

We'll sing a sang, or hae a crack,
O' sense an' wit we'll hae nae lack,
To put in min' the days gaen back,—
Aye ca' in as ye gae by!—CHORUS.

We'll crack o' freens ayont the sea,
O' scenes sae dear to you an' me,
We'll mind an' lo'e until we dee,—
Aye ca' in as ye gae by!—CHORUS.

True friendship is life's greatest bliss,
 Its pleasures wha wad like to miss?
 Gin ye be oors—tak' tent to this,—
 Aye ca' in as ye gae by!—CHORUS.

MY MITHER-TONGUE.

I LIKE to HEAR my mither-tongue
 When far awa' frae hame,
 I'm fond o' ilka sang that's sung
 That has a Scottish name!
 The dear auld Doric is to me
 Familiar frae my birth,
 Sae tender, couthie, kind, an' free,
 The sweetest notes o' earth!

I like to SPEAK my mither-tongue,
 Gae wander where I will,
 When a' restraint frae me is flung,
 My heart then has its fill!
 The English tongue may rule the lan',
 The Scotch commands the heart—
 I'd rather lose my guid richt han'
 Than frae the Doric part!

I like my mither-tongue to SING
 The sangs I lo'e sae dear,
 Youth's early scenes they seem to bring
 Life's riper years to cheer:
 Sweet memories a' come back to me,
 O' mither, love an' hame;
 The dear auld land I ne'er may see,
 Yet love it a' the same!

FAREWHEEL TO THE PSALMS.*

(Lament of Granny Auld Kirk.)

OH! the auld Psalms o' David, fareweel! fareweel!

They're no near guid enough for us noo!
The Kirk has decreed they may gang in the creel,†
An' the auld maun gie place to the new;
The auld folk may weep, an' the young folk may smile,
An' the Session look pale wi' dismay,
For the Kirk has contriv'd to woo us wi' guile,—
The compilers hae had their ain way!

Oh! the auld Psalms o' David, fareweel, fareweel!
An' the news gangs sae sair to my heart—
The folks never were askit how they might feel,
Wi' the auld Psalms o' David to pairt!
The "Selections" are no like the Psalms we ken,
O' "the text," they've made wonnerful free!
Nor hae we yet learn'd to "sing" the Amen—
We ne'er heard it like that yont the sea!

Oh! the auld Psalms o' David, fareweel! fareweel!
They were Scotland's best freen in the past,—
The bluid o' the Martyrs are in them, I feel,
An' their power to convert will aye last!

* Composed at the time the new Presbyterian Book of Praise was introduced in the Presbyterian Church in Canada, in which most of the Psalms were altered to a greater or less degree.

† "In the creel"—the compiler's waste basket.

Evolution is up—or DOWNWARD—they say,
 Is the Kirk purer noo than 'twas then?
 The precepts and doctrines o' grandfather's day
 Built up kirk-going, God-fearing men!

Beware! the "thin end o' the wedge," as they
 say,—

For the rest o' the Psalms will go next!
 The Bible itself will be altered some day,
 Till we scarcely can find oot a text!
 The Ministers, surely, should be on oor side,
 An' frown on this strange innovation;
 An' dinna gie way to guile, fashion, an' pride,
 That bodes the downfa' o' a nation!

MY MITHER'S GRAVE.

I STAN' beside the cauld head-stane,
 An' wat it wi' my tears:
 An' whisper, "*Mither, here's your wean*
You hav'na' seen for years!"
 When last I saw your dear, sweet face,
 An' heard your kindly tone,
 I little thought that this dread place
 So soon would claim its own.

I plann'd to tak' you ower the sea
 To comfort an' to ease,
 Whaur you could end your days wi' me,
 An' dae maist as you please;
 But, ah! the Lord had ither plans,
 An' sent for you Himself;
 His ways are no' aye like to man's,
 Yet does He a' things well!

But, though you cannot come to me,
I yet shall gang to you,
When death shall set my spirit free
I'll mount the starry blue,
Where grief an' partings are no more
Nor Death, nor any pain,
You'll welcome me on Canaan's shore,—
We'll never pairt again!

Farewell! most sacred spot to me,
My dear auld mither's grave,
I'll think o' thee when ower the sea,
Ayont Atlantic's wave;
Our graves may yet be far apart,
Our spirits joined shall be,
There's aye a green spot in my heart,
My mither dear, for thee!

OUR FAITHER ABUNE.

THE light o' the mornin' should see us a-steer,
The wark o' the day to begin,
Bit afore we commence our hearts it would cheer
To speak to our Faither abune;
Each day has its cares, an' its trials, an' toil,
Its pleasures, its praise, an' its blame;
As dew to the grass, or as rain to the soil—
God's blessin' afore we lea' hame!

Devotion uplifts us on wings o' the dove,
An' sets a' our heart in a flame,
To feel that our Faither is watchin' above
An' kens us each ane by our name!

It mak's us feel strong for the battle o' life,
 An' gies us baith courage an' vim
 To fight wi' temptation, an' win in the strife,
 Prayer brings us aye nearer to Him!

An' when we come hame, ere we gang to oor bed,
 Oor prayers to forget is a shame,
 For in His Guid Book how aften 'tis said:
 "I loe them that ca' on My name!"
 "The secret o' God is wi' them that Him fear,"
 He'll shield them frae a' Satan's blame;
 An' when we lie doon for to dee He'll be near
 To bring His ain bairnies a' hame!

DAE RICHT AN' YE'LL DAE WEEL.

THO' ithers tak' the easy road,
 Be yours in patience aye to plod,
 Trust less in man and mair in God—
 Dae richt and daur the deil!
 Ne'er lippen to the tempter's snare,
 O' a' his wiles an' bribes beware,
 Wale oot your staps wi' muckle care—
 Dae richt an' ye'll dae weel!

Let conscience clear as crystal shine,
 The "gowden rule" keep aye in min',
 An' roon your heart let love entwine—
 An' ye'll aye happy feel;
 Ye'll fin' this aye the safest plan—
 Dae richt—an' aye the best ye can,
 God helps the honest upright man—
 Dae richt an' ye'll dae weel!

Use weel the talents God has lent,
 Let ilka hour be wisely spent,
 In a' ye dae hae guid intent,
 As up life's hill ye speil!
 An' tho' the way be steep an' bare,
 Aye onward press wi' faith an' prayer,
 Till aince you hear Our Faither there
 Say oot—"YE'VE DONE GEY WEEL!"

LEARN TO SAY "NO!"

WHEN ye wad gae wrang—say "No!" to
 yoursel'!

"No!" to yoursel'!—"No!" to yoursel'!
 Each time you resist far stronger you'll be—
 Wipe dust frae your specks—much clearer you'll
 see—

Don't crouch like a slave—be manly and free!
 And learn to say "No!" to yoursel'!

When Passions wad rule—say "No!" to yoursel'!

"No!" to yoursel'!—"No!" to yoursel'!
 Let Love, Honour, Truth, and Virtue be yours—
 The sunshine o' life—life's bonnie wee flowers—
 They'll sweeten the cup o' your fadin' hours!—
 Dae richt—an' say "No!" to yoursel'!

Whan temper wad rise—say "No!" to yoursel'—

"No!" to yoursel'!—"No!" to yoursel'!
 Wha rules his ain heart is mair than a king,
 A richer reward than jewels 'twill bring,—
 When tempted to scold just smilingly sing!—
 I've learned to say "No!" to mysel'.

When tempted to drink say "No!" to yoursel'!
 "No!" to yoursel'!—"No!" to yoursel'!
 Just think o' yer wife, yer hame, an yer weans,—
 Taunts frae yer cronies will ne'er brak yer banes—
 Weak-minded men get Remorse for their pains,
 By NOT saying "No!" to theirsels!

To a' Satan's wiles say "No!" to yoursel'!
 "No!" to yoursel'!—"No" to yoursel'!
 Dinna get crookit, cross, cranky, nor fu'!
 Let God's gouden rule be motto for you
 He'll gie ye a place wi' leal folk an' true,—
 An' help ye say "No!" to yoursel'!

DINNA WEARY O' THE AULD FOLK.

DINNA weary o' the auld folk,
 An' wish that they were deid;
 There was guid stuff in the auld stock,
 O' mind, an' heart, an' heid!
 They car'd for us when we were young,
 An' fed us wi' their best;
 Fu' mony a cheerie sang they sung
 Whan croonin' us to rest.

Dinna weary o' the auld folk—
 They never tired o' you,
 Saved us frae many a hard knock,
 An' aye were kind an' true!
 Ane guid turn deserves anither—
 Oor turn to them is plain—
 Be kind to faither an' mither,
 An' ease their care an' pain.

We may be auld folk yet oorsel',
An' need a kindly word—
Whan weary hearts wi' sorrow swell,
Cross words cut like a sword;
Death levels a'—let Peace abide—
Wi' love an' harmonie,
We'll a' lie still, an' free frae pride,
In graves—sax feet by three.

Then dinna weary o' auld folks,
They'll no be wi' us lang,
Aye cheer them up wi' cracks an' jokes—
Lilt them an auld Scotch sang!
Pit up wi' their auld fashioned ways,
Be never dour or thrawn;
An' make the gloamin' o' their days
As happy as oor dawn!

WHUSTLE AS YE GO.

WHEN troubles rise, like cluds in skies,
An' a' things eerie seem,
Keep up your heart, though freens depart,
Nae time is that to dream!
The weakest man in a' the lan'
Is he that has nae foe,
Trust mair in self than freens or pelf,
An' whustle as ye go!

CHORUS.—Just whustle to yersel', my man,
Some cantie tune ye ken,
The deil himsel' can't stand the spell
O' cheery whustlin' men.

Should love beguile, just wait awhile,
 There's guid fish in the sea,
 The fickle jaud may get nae lad,
 She's no the lass for thee.
 Tak' time to think, an' in a blink,
 The richt lass ye will see;
 Just whustle some, an' she will come,
 Wi' love-light in her e'e!—CHORUS.

Some married men, as ye may ken,
 Hae sometimes cause to dree—
 A scolding wife may vex his life,
 An' oot the hoose he'll flee!
 But don't do that, like frichted cat,
 Just tak' advice frae me:
 Be unco fain, an' haud the wean,
 An' syne she'll mask the tea!

CHORUS.—She canna whustle like you, guid-man,
 An' that ye brawly ken;
 But she can sing, an' comfort bring
 To cheery, whustlin' men.

GANG HAME TO WIFE AN' WEANS!

LIFE is a hard an' thorny way,
 As maist o' mortals ken,
 But nicht o'ertak's the langest day,
 A boon to workin' men;
 Be brave an' do the best you can,
 Act well your noble part,
 God helps the honest workin' man
 That has a loving heart!

CHORUS.—Gang hame at nicht to wife an' weans,
They'll lichten a' yer care;
Their love is mair than golden gains,—
Ye'll find life's sunshine there!

Our Saviour said when he was here:
"They scarce can enter in
To Heaven's gates who value dear
The world's gear to win;"
Ye needna' think that wealthy folk
Ha'e nane o' life's turmoil,
Their riches aft are like a yoke,
Far waur to bear than toil.—CHORUS.

Ilk ane kens best his weakest spot,
Where Satan tempts him sair,
But envy not your neighbour's lot
And ye'll escape his snare!
There's folk at hame your presence miss—
They'll meet you at the door;
Toil on for them an' God will bless
Your basket an' your store!—CHORUS.

Gang hame to wife an' weans, dear man—
At hame you're crown'd a king!
Make hame as cheerfu' as you can,
Baith whistle, dance and sing!
Your children, while they live, shall bless
The memory of these years;
True love at hame is sure redress
For a' life's toils and tears!—CHORUS.

WEEL PIPED MUTCHES.

O H! weel dae I min' the days that are gane,
O, goblins, ghaists, warlocks an' wutches!
An' weel dae I min' when I was a wean,
The auld wives an' grannies wore mutches!
Braw, clean, snod, an' weel piped mutches,
Noo scarce dae I ever see ony,
Wi' ribbons that whisk'd roon like swutches,
Frae faces baith kindly an' bonnie!

'Neath my mither's white mutch there was grace,
Like a halo set a' roon her heid!
There was love in her bonnie sweet face,
When she sat doon at nicht for to read!
Oh! she smiles at me yet in my dreams,
As I pu' the lang strings o' her mutch!
An' her face wi' merriment gleams,
As she ca's me a tricky wee wutch!

Braw servant lassies, in hoose an' in ha',
Look'd blythesome, an' couthie, an' cheerie,
In mutches—white as the new driven sna'
When they stroll'd oot at nicht wi' their dearie!
Nae trouble to kiss 'neath the mutches,
Their e'en were sae temptin' an' bonnie;
An' gey an' weel-pleas'd were the wutches
When lips were aft pree'd by their Johnnie!

Such warrin', an' daurin', an' doin',
'Mang the lassies an' lads o' langsyne,
Wi' mutches the wutches were wooin',
Till the lads lost their balance o' min'!

The lads are no noo in sich passion,
For the lassies wear fal-de-ral hats!
Since mutches hae gane oot o' fashion,
Lads an' lassies are prim as auld cats!

AYE CHEERIE, O!

A YE mak' the maist o' every hour,
An' laugh an' smile fu' cheerie, O!
Gae by the whins, an' pu' the flower,
An' think o' a' that's dearie, O!
Ne'er fash your heed wi' future ills,
It's useless wark an' wearie, O!
Gae singin' on like mountain rills,
An' no like hoolets drearie, O!

Ne'er let a runkle mar your face,
Your heart keep young an' cheerie, O!
Sour words an' looks are oot o' place
Amang your friends sae dearie, O!
An' if misfortune should overtak';
An' things get tapsalterie, O!
Guid sense an' wit shall droon the pack,
An' mak' them blin' an' blearie, O!

The man that mak's the best o' life,
O' life he'll ne'er grow weary, O!
He'll love his weans, an' kiss his wife,
An' mak' his hame fu' cheerie, O!
God kens and fens the honest man,
Through life an' death He'll bear him, O!
A happy life is God's ain plan,
'Tis theirs that love an' fear Him, O!

AT THE BOTTOM O' THE HILL!

WE canna aye be at the tap
O' life's steep thorny hill,
Oor pride maun sometimes get a drap
To keep us humble still;
But never mind life's ups-an'-doons
If they bring sense and wit,
Uneasy heids aft wear life's croons
That never fash the fit!

CHORUS.—At the bottom o' the hill,
Where the daisies grow,
We may gather flowers at will,
Where the burnies row;
An' be happy ilka day
At oor wark or at oor play,
In the guid auld-farrant way,
Wi' the swat o' brow.

We maun never push a brither
Doon the brae o' life's hill,
But be kind to ane anither
Wi' a hearty guid will;
There's a hame ayont the hill-tops
Where a' will equal be,
And we'll there forget the mishaps
That bother'd you an' me!

CHORUS.—At the bottom o' the hill
Where the burnies row,
We shall a' lie cauld an' still
Where the daisies grow;

Till we hear the welcome soun'
To the weary trodden doon,
Get ye up an' wear the croon,
Your reward is now!

“OOR AIN WEE JEANNIE.”

WE miss her sair, we miss her sair,—
Oor ain wee Jeannie!
Ta'en frae oor side in life's spring-day,
God's angels carried her away
To that bright land of endless day,
Oor ain wee Jeannie!

We'll hear her cheery voice nae mair,—
Oor ain wee Jeannie!
But Oh! she sings in Heaven above,
Sinless and pure as snow-white dove,
Such songs as only angels love,
Oor ain wee Jeannie!

She canna come to us again,—
God claims oor Jeannie;
But we may gang to her, some day,
When, one-by-one, He leads the way,
Nae mair to pairt, but aye to stay,
Wi' oor wee Jeannie.

God gave, and God has ta'en away,
Lent was oor Jeannie;
His ways are no aye like to ours,
He gies us sunshine—why not showers?
He kens His ain—His chosen flowers,
Such was oor Jeannie.

"OUR JOHNNIE."

WE hae had a happy time,
Since hame cam Johnnie;
Wi' a face like angel sweet,
Stealin' a' oor kisses neat,
Creepin' roun on hauns an' feet,
Was oor wee Johnnie!

Langest day maun hae its close,
Alas! puir Johnnie;
Death cam in sae grim an' cauld,
Chill'd the lammie in the fauld,
Ta'en the young and left the auld,
Puir deid wee Johnnie.

Ta'en awa' in life's spring time,
Oor ain dear Johnnie;
Mither's heart in anguish wild,
Faither grudges sair his child,
Yet tae God baith reconcil'd;
We'll gang tae Johnnie.

Aince the light o' a' oor hoose,
Oor ain wee Johnnie;
Noo the light is ta'en awa'
Darkness seems tae cover a',
Nane can comfort us ava
Bit oor wee Johnnie!

'Neath the souchan willow tree
Lies oor wee Johnnie;
Just beneath a hillock green,
Whaur the daisies may be seen,
Wi' the buttercups between,
Sleeps oor wee Johnnie.

Aft we shed the bitter tear
 For oor wee Johnnie;
 Then look up wi' faith abune,
 Whaur nae sorrow creepeth in,
 There, secure frae death an' sin,
 Bides oor wee Johnnie!

THE BLINK O' HER BONNIE BLUE E'E.

THERE'S naething in life so entrancing,
 An' sae fu' o' endearment to me,
 As Mary's sweet smile when advancing,
 An' the blink o' her bonnie blue e'e!

CHORUS.—The blink o' her bonnie blue e'e
 Is mair than earth's riches to me,
 I'm aye weel content
 While on me is spent
 The blink o' her bonnie blue e'e!

Her voice is like music frae Heaven,
 An' her lips like June rose-buds to see;
 To love an' distraction I'm driven
 By the blink o' her bonnie blue e'e!
 —CHORUS.

The cares o' this life are engrossing,
 But forgot when she smiles upon me,
 My bark's on a stormy sea tossing,
 Guided safe by the blink o' her e'e!
 —CHORUS.

At last, when life's voyage is over
 I'll lay me at peace doon to dee,
 If ower me I then may discover
 Love's-licht in her bonnie blue e'e!
 —CHORUS.

MY BONNIE DOO.

I KEN a lassie bright and fair,
 Wi' gowden locks o' sun-kiss'd hair
 That I wad like my lot to share,
 An' be my bonnie doo!

CHORUS.—My ain, my bonnie doo,
 Wi' heart sae kind an' true;
 I'll love thee till the day I dee,
 My ain, my bonnie doo!

We cleekit doon yon flowery lane,
 Her wee sma' han' in mine I'd ta'en,
 An' telt her ower and ower agin,
 She was my bonnie doo!—CHORUS.

But ne'er a word she spak' to me,
 Jist let a tear drap frae her e'e,
 Wi' joy I felt maist like to dee,
 To win my bonnie doo!—CHORUS.

My han' she grippit like a vice,
 An' oh! the look she gied was nice;
 I kiss'd her aince, an' maybe thrice,
 My ain, my bonnie doo!—CHORUS.

Blythe birds were singin' on the tree,
The sun was shinin' on the sea,
An' a' the world seem'd bright to me,
An' mine—my bonnie doo!—CHORUS.

DINNA HIDE THE HEART-LOVE!

O^H! dinna hide the heart-love,
Speak it oot!—tell it oot!
A' guid thochts come frae above,
O' that there is nae doot!

Whan the heart wi' love is fu',
Rinnin' ower!—rinnin' ower!
Let some draps, like Heaven's dew,
Wat some wee thirsty flower!

Licht the sunshine o' yer face,
Wi' a smile!—wi' a smile!
Gie nae sorrow there a place
Life's happiness to spoil!

Angry words cut like a sword,
Brither, mine!—sister, mine!
Speak the honest, kindly word,
To mak' leal hearts entwine!

Life at best is unco short,
Mak' it guid!—mak' it guid!
Hurtin' feelin's is nae sport,
Aft causin' hearts to bluid!

Lift the fallen, shield the weak,
 A' ye can!—a' ye can!
 Aye some word o' comfort speak,
 To cheer your brither—man!

WHEN LOVE IS KING!

LOVE'S youthfu' years are swift an' sweet,
 An' fu' o' hope sae cheerie, O!
 Whan heart wi' heart in union meet
 O' love they never wearie, O!
 • This life to them is naught but bliss,
 To each they're a' that's dearie, O!
 Whan vows are answer'd wi' a kiss
 How can this life be drearie, O?

CHORUS.—

Noo, dinna fash yer head ava',
 Wi' cares an' worries drearie, O!
 Whan Love is king just mind his law,
 O' that you'll never wearie, O!

Bind hearts wi' Love sae firm an' fast,
 Nae bands like his can tether, O!
 Love's sunnie smiles through life should last,
 And brave life's wintry weather, O!
 Our riper years shall fruitful be,
 An' happy a'thegither, O!
 It's time enough to wish to dee
 When ower us grows the heather, O!

CHORUS.—Noo, dinna fash yer head ava'!

A GUID-NICHT KISS.

Tune—"Kelvingrove."

ERE the weans gang aff to bed,
Gie a guid-nicht kiss!
Whan their evenin' prayer is said,
Gie a guid-nicht kiss!
As you pree each ruby moo'
And caress each bonnie bro',
Say a kindly word an' true,
Wi' a guid-nicht kiss!

As the claes a' roon ye hap
Gie a guid-nicht kiss!
They will sleep as sound's a tap
Wi' a guid-nicht kiss!
An' they'll dream that angels fair,
In that "HAPPY LAND" up there,
Where there's neither dool nor care,
Gie a guid-nicht kiss!

Ah! the time may sune come roon'
When your love they'll miss;
Get the warld's cauld drift froon
'Stead o' smile an' kiss!
But, until the day they dee,
They will bless your memorie,
For the years they spent wi' thee,
An' your guid-nicht kiss!

Mind to oil the wheels o' life
Wi' a guid-nicht kiss!
What a cure for care and strife
Is a guid-nicht kiss!

Kissin's good for young or auld,
For the grey heids or the bauld—
Keep your hearts frae growin' cauld
Wi' a guid-nicht kiss!

OUR AIN FIRESIDE.

May be sung to "KELVINGROVE."

I'M happy as a king when at
Oor ain fireside,
Wi' Jean an' a' the bairns at
Oor ain fireside;
A' earth's cares an' worries flee,
Wi' a lammie on my knee,
As we laugh an' sing wi' glee,
At oor fireside!

There's comfort and content when at
Oor ain fireside,—
The bairnies playin' wi' the cat
At oor fireside!
They're to pity or to blame
That hae nae got such a hame,
For it's mair than wealth or fame,
A guid fireside!

We dinna froon or fret when at
Oor ain fireside,—
But kind an' couthie be when at
Oor ain fireside:

An' nae danger do we fear
As we nestle close an' near,
An' aye ca' each ither "dear!"
At oor fireside!

We never want to be awa'
Frae oor fireside,
Ootside attractions never draw
Frae oor fireside,
For we bear each ither's load,
An' put aye oor trust in God,
Till we gang the lang, lang road,
Frae oor fireside!

TODDLIN' HAME!

A BONNIE sicht it is to see
A bairnie "toddlin' hame,"
Wi' ootstretched airms an' muckle glee,
It lisps its faither's name!

In a guid sense we're a' like weans,
Toddlin' heavenward hame!
Stap clear o' a' life's stum'lin' stanes
As ye gang "toddlin' hame!"

Wale oot the flowers along life's way—
Dae richt, an' daur the blame,
Mak' life be as a simmer's day—
Year in, year oot, the same!

Some folks hae joy frae morn' to nicht,
Cheerily "toddlin' hame;"
'Mang hope, an' happiness, an' licht,
They wale their fitstaps hame!

Itthers seem fash'd wi' doots an' pain,
As they gang hirplin' hame!
Like some wee, puir, forsaken wean,
That's tint its faither's name!

Some reach their hame afore midday,
Whan mornin' glories bloom;
Some tread a lang and thorny way
Afore they reach the tomb!

Oor Faither waits ayont life's stream,
An' welcomes a' the same;
The love-light in His e'e doth gleam
To see us "toddlin' hame!"

LOVE, HOME AND FRIENDSHIP.

DEARER THAN LIFE.

THOU art fairer to me than the roses in June,
Nearer and dearer than life!
For thy voice is the sweetest of music to me,
And your eyes tell of love that is deep as the sea,
Thou art kind and true-hearted as ever can be,
Nearer and dearer than life!

REFRAIN—

Oh! then come to me, dearest love, come to me
now,
Let life be a bright summer day;
I will chase every care like a cloud from your brow,
And sorrow shall soon fly away!

We will sing our love-song in the wildwood at will,
Nearer and dearer than life!
Let us laugh with the flowers that grow by the
way,
And carol to the birds to the close of the day,
We shall whisper, my sweet one, while homeward
we stray,
Nearer and dearer than life!

REFRAIN—

Oh! then come to me, dearest love, etc.

I shall live but to love thee, my darling, my dear,
Nearer and dearer than life!
For our home shall be happy by night and by day,
And the hours like sweet moments fly sweetly
away,
Till Heaven shall call us to part we shall say:—
Nearer and dearer than life!

REFRAIN—

Oh! then come to me, dearest love, etc.

EYES THAT SPEAK.

GIVE me the eyes that speak of Love,
And sparkle in their gladness,
Like twinkling orbs of light above,
Dispelling care and sadness;
Which make this earth a Paradise,
Though humble be our dwelling,
And causing thoughts of love to rise
From hearts with fullness welling.

Give me the eyes whose tears of Grief
Are shed for our condoling,
Whose sympathy is sure relief
To hearts that need consoling;
More precious than the jewel rare
That glistens in its setting,
Are eyes that speak the love they bear,
All selfishness forgetting.

Give me the eyes that speak of Peace
 And shed a halo o'er us,
 Whose beams can cause all strife to cease,
 And tune our hearts in chorus
 To sing in unison the strain
 Which God hath set before us:
 "Let peace on earth for ever reign,"—
 Hark! angels join the chorus!

Give me the eyes of Faith to see,
 Behind the clouds of sorrow,
 My Father's hand still guiding me
 On to the bright to-morrow;
 And onward still, through good and ill,
 His eye shall safely guide me;
 All dangers past, safe home at last,
 With Jesus close beside me!

WHERE DOTH BEAUTY DWELL?

LOOK for the first faint streaks of morn
 That gild the eastern sky,
 Another day in beauty born,
 As mounts the sun on high;
 Tinting the tops of highest towers
 With crimson and with gold,
 Melting the dew-drops from the flowers
 That peepingly unfold:
 There doth "the beautiful" abide
 In calm security;
 The rosy morn—deck'd like a bride—
 Of virgin purity!

Look for the eyes that beam with love,
And sparkle with delight,
To meet thy gaze—like stars above—
Brightest in thy dark night;
Dispelling every thought of sin
From out thy heart's great deep,
Chasing the darkness from within,
Or soothe thy fears to sleep:
There doth "the beautiful" abide
In full maturity;
And there may the fond heart reside
Through all futurity!

HEART QUESTIONINGS.

WHAT stirs an emotion
As deep as the ocean,
And strong as the hills that tower above?
'Tis the sound of a sigh,
As the zephyrs go by,
That tells in a breath the presence of Love!

What is seen in the glance,
As true lovers advance,
That kindles a flame which never can die?
'Tis a spark from above.
From the altar of Love,
Dropp'd unerringly down from on high!

As the loving hands clasp,
What is told in the grasp
That quickens the pulse and glows on the cheek?

'Tis "the story of old,"
 In that loving enfold,
 The language of love that words cannot speak!

Whence the tones that can thrill,
 Without effort or will,
 And woo the heart's fond admiration?
 They are notes from the choir.
 With the golden lyre,
 Tuned by Love's sublime inspiration!

Oh! from whence comes the bliss
 Of love's first fervent kiss,
 That rapturous outflow of feeling?
 'Tis a faint echo given
 Of earth's foretaste of Heaven,
 By fond hearts their fullness revealing!

Whence the breathings of soul
 That defies our control,
 Those sweet communings of heart with heart?
 'Tis a gift from above,
 'Tis the token of love,
 Once possess'd, time or death cannot part!

THE STAR OF LOVE.

IS Love a star?
 Yes, 't is a star
 Of heav'nly magnitude afar;
 In darkest night
 The purest light,
 No baneful doubt should ever mar.

It is a star—
The Polar star—
That guides the sailor on the sea,
Where'er he roam,
To love and home,
Across the boundless ocean free.

Storms may arise
In life's pure skies,
And gathering clouds bedim our day;
But Love's bright eye,
Like star in sky,
Will seek to guide us on our way!

Love reigns supreme,
An endless theme,
Love rules the world with gentle hand;
As captives, we
Desire to be
Encircl'd with her golden band!

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

THE present you send,
My dear loving friend—
A beautiful bouquet of flowers,—
Is precious to me,
As coming from thee,
With perfume of bright sunny bowers.

It reminds me of home,
Where once we did roam,
'Mid flowers in the garden at play;

As swift pass'd the hours
In Flora's sweet bowers,
And short seem'd the summer's long day.

But life, like the flowers,
Hath changeable hours,
And sunshine and show'r intervene;
Yet love in the heart
Can beauty impart,
And help to make life "evergreen."

Let friendship and truth
Encompass our youth
From sorrow and trouble 'twill save;
In sweetest content
Our lives shall be spent,
And flow'rs strew our path to the grave!

TRUE LOVE.

'TIS a magic spell,
Which lovers know well,
In sunshine and shower the same;
Ever old, yet new,
Both constant and true,
And seeks neither self nor fame.

Unheard or confest,
As seemeth it best,
Its tale it may never unfold;
Yet all know the pow'r
Of Love's happy hour,
Its memory never grows old!

'Tis a golden key,
Be it sigh or plea,
That opens the door of the heart;
And treasures untold
Doth ever unfold,
Which riches could never impart.

Then cherish with care
A jewel so rare,
And dim not its lustre with scorn;
'T will lighten the gloom
From cradle to tomb,
And heal the heart bleeding and torn.

Love never can die,
Its home is on high,
And God will yet claim what He gives;
And love He hath giv'n,
To make earth a heav'n,
True love in the heart ever lives!

LOVE AND CHARITY.

O H! for sweet and tender Love,
Pure and faithful ever,
Wooing like the gentle dove,
Flowing as a river!
Smiles, like flowers, adorn her path,
Peaceful—soul-refreshing,
Freely giving all she hath,
Earth's most potent blessing!

Love and Charity are one—
 Not of earth's conceiving,
 To possess is heaven begun,
 Toil and care relieving;
 Let Love lead us hand-in-hand
 A-down the misty years,
 Guiding to the better land—
 Where God shall wipe all tears.

THE HUMBER "FAIRY."

H EARD ye of the Humber "Fairy?"
 Know ye that her name is Mary?
 Queen of Beauty—light and airy,
 Winsome, yet so shy;
 In a cottage by the river,
 Where the ferns nod and quiver,
 There my fancy turneth ever,
 For her smile I sigh!

When the sun is slowly setting,
 Then, my heart with fullness fretting,
 All but love of her forgetting,
 To my skiff I hie;
 Off to "my Fairy-land" I glide,
 Each feather'd oar on either side
 Like Cupid's wings, they skim the tide—
 O'er the waters fly!

O'er the Bay the moon is stealing,
 All her loveliness revealing,
 Then to each fond heart appealing,
 Love looks eye to eye!

Glide we up the Humber river,
Where the rushes sigh and quiver,
Plight our love to each for ever,—
Love that will not die!

A SOUVENIR OF LOVE.

DEAREST, sweetest, fondest, best,
Lean your head upon my breast;
Loving arms shall thee entwine,
Loving hands be placed in mine;
Throbbing hearts with pleasure beat,
Happy eyes in gladness meet;
Peace and joy now reign supreme,
Love our all-absorbing theme.

Picture of a living love,
True as angel-notes above:
Constant as the Polar star
Shining in the heavens afar;
Deep and boundless as the sea,
Ever pure and ever free,
Warm and bright as Southern skies,
Earthly Eden—Paradise!

Love like this doth ever sing,
Echoes wake and echoes ring;
Love and pain *may* sometimes meet,
Love can make the pain a sweet;
Grief and care shall flee away,
Darkest night be turn'd to day,
Winter snows to Summer showers,
Autumn leaves to Spring's fresh flowers.

Sordid pleasures have their day,
 Truth and Love shall ne'er decay;
 Heaven and earth their blessings give,
 Love and Truth shall ever live.
 Then, let Love our bosoms thrill,
 Empty hearts may have their fill;
 The poorest may be rich in love,
 Bless'd on earth and crown'd above!

WHAT CAN LOVE DO?

LOVE can make the eyes shine bright,
 Love can brighten darkest night;
 Love can make the lover gush,
 Love can make the maiden blush.

Love can warm the coldest heart,
 Love can kindest words impart;
 Love can happiness bestow,
 Love can never answer "No."

Love can sing the gayest song,
 Love can make the weak feel strong;
 Love can lighten every care,
 Love can sweetly trials bear.

Love can sit enthron'd in state, -
 Love can rule a nation great;
 Love can noble laws impart,
 Love can win the people's heart.

Love can educate the mind,
Love can aye be true and kind;
Love can greatest pleasure give,
Love can teach us how to live.

Love can sweetest comfort bring,
Love can take from death the sting;
Love can greatest burdens bear,
Love can all our sorrows share.

If our lives are pure and free,
Love must then our teacher be;
Daily learn the heavenly plan:—
“Love to God and love to man.”

LOVE'S PROGRESS.

WE met, but not as strangers meet,
In busy mart, or crowded street,—
No hurried glance could well suffice
To meet the gaze of Love's surprise
That look a “tale of old” reveal'd,
Which would not, could not, be conceal'd,
And well bespoke love's sweet content,
Though speechless on our way we went.

Again we met—not like the past,—
The spell of Love had now been cast;
Still, words refused to tell the tale
Which redden'd cheeks that erst were pale,
And fluttered hearts with new-born joy,
And gave our thoughts such sweet employ;
We smiled, and often met to smile,
And thus did Love our hearts beguile.

At last I spoke in hope and fear,
A few short words, deep, true, sincere;
Then love in transport met the gaze
Of love return'd 'mid glad amaze;
Her stammering tones, and modest start,
Answered the gladness in my heart;
I kissed joy's tear from off her face,
And clasp'd her in my warm embrace.

We loved, and love still dwells secure
And shall while life and love endure;
Our love is sweet, and all is well,
For in each other's hearts we dwell;
Like streams which meet and onward glide,
Till lost in ocean's boundless tide,
We two have met no more to part,
For Love hath join'd us heart to heart!

LOVE-LINKS.

THE LOOK of a loving eye
Tells all it knows,
Like blushing rose,
And lives to be lov'd—or die!

The TOUCH of a gentle hand
A tale doth tell
Love knoweth well
And only Love understand.

The TONES of a loving voice,
Like birds in Spring,
Doth sweetly sing,
And maketh the heart rejoice!

'The JOY of a love-lit heart
No tongue can tell:
Its potent spell
Neither time nor distance part!

Sweet words that can never die;
"Wilt thou be mine?"
"I WILL BE THINE!"
Is the maiden's faint reply.

These LINKS must not be broken,
Oh! no! no! no!
But stronger grow,
Love's changeless, deathless token!

THE LOVER'S IDEAL.

I KNOW a face—a lovely face
'Tis imag'd on my heart,
Whose form is one of matchless grace.
From her I'll never part.

I know a voice of sweetest tone,
That speaks in accents low,
Yet has a power all its own
To make my heart o'erflow.

I know a place where lovers meet,
There Nature reigns supreme,
'Tis there we hold our converse sweet,
Love is our only theme.

I know a heart whose depth of love
 Time, life, nor death can measure,
 Next to my hope of bliss above
 I value this dear treasure.

I heard a vow—a solemn vow,
 'Twas registered in heaven:
 That all our future life from now
 Shall to our love be given.

I know a home—a happy home,
 By love 'tis daily lighted,
 Where kindred hearts ne'er seek to roam
 Since by their vows united!

THE TENDER PASSION.

ERE Love had set my heart on fire,
 And tuned me to devotion,
 I could the fairest face admire
 Without the least emotion:
 I felt as free
 As wind or sea,
 Each day was full of gladness;
 But when at last
 Love's die was cast,
 My joy was ting'd with sadness!

For only when my love was near
 I felt the sun was shining,
 Love's presence is a foe to fear
 When hearts are intertwining!

A world of bliss
Was in each kiss,
They set our hearts a-singing;
When call'd to part
Sad was each heart,
True lover's fears up-bringing!
At last to ease my heart's deep pain
I made a fair confession,
And kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,—
Reward for Love's concession:
We now are one
Still shines the sun!—
All earth is full of beauty!
Though Love be blind
She's wondrous kind
And mindful of her duty!

BETROTHED.

AN ALLEGORY.

TWO lofty mountains soar'd o'erhead,
Each side a vale of vast extent,
They knew each other well, 'twas said,
With hoary age their forms were bent!
They guarded well that lovely vale,
And watched, as with a mother's pride,
Two silver streams that swept the dale,
Yet had their source on either side.
On, on they sped, like friends at play,—
Now almost caught, now far apart;
Till—ha! ha! ha!—they lost their way,
And join'd themselves no more to part!

The mountains smiled, and clapped their hands,
 And wished the lovers happy day!
 The setting sun lent golden bands,
 The moon threw silver o'er their way!

Wide, wide, they spread their pebbly bed,
 United now were they for ever;
 The mountains stretched their necks o'erhead,
 To see their image in the river!

CROSS'D LOVE.

A VISION cross'd my path one day,
 'Twas like a dream of pleasure,
 And left a halo 'long life's way,
 For memory to treasure!
 Cross'd love can live a life of hope,
 Nor all life's ills can kill it,
 Though Love be blind, yet he can grope
 If fate doth only will it!

Time smooths the furrows of our grief,
 And Patience grows with sorrow,
 The future brings a sure relief,
 Let Care wait till—to-morrow!
 Smile!—though thy heart be full of pain,
 There's nothing gain'd by grieving,
 A vision yet will come again,
 All former ills relieving.

The rose that's left upon a tree
 May be a thing of beauty;
 But, oh! the Rose that pleaseth me
 Counts sacrifice a duty!

When Love, and Truth, and Honour binds,
Fond hearts have their fulfilling,
No life is perfect till it finds
Its wealth of love distilling!

A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER.

OH, mother, dear! what memories sweet
Call back the scenes of early years,
When thou didst tend our infant feet,
And guard our life with pray'rs and tears.

Our little griefs, at school or play,
We pour'd into thy willing ear;
But thou didst kiss the tears away,
And quick dispell'd our every fear.

And, when in wilful ways we trod,
Alas! for us, too willing feet,
Thy love did bring us back to God,
And led us to the mercy-seat.

Thy look was love—thy smile was joy—
Thy tears the eloquence of grief;
Thy loving voice found sweet employ
In whisp'ring to our heart's relief.

Oh! mother dear! how much we owe
To thee, for all thy loving care;
While memory lasts our thoughts shall go
Back to the days of love and pray'r.

Though on this earth no more we meet,
 And surging seas between us roll,
 We yet shall meet at Jesus' feet,
 Where love eternal fills the soul!

A HUSBAND'S BIRTHDAY GREETING.

DARLING, awake! and let the sweet, glad
 light,
 Fill eyes that love hath made so pure and bright;
 So calm and deeply true, so free from guile,
 So winning in their artless love-lit smile,
 That I would fain obey their least behest,
 And clasp thee fondly to my throbbing breast,
 And tell, with untold kisses, sweetest dear,
 That thou hast entered on another year!

How sweet the memory of the blissful past,
 When o'er our paths love's glad spring-flowers
 were cast,
 As fresh and pure as when in Eden's bowers
 The first fond pair spent earth's creative hours;
 Yet, dear, 'twas but the dawn of brighter days,
 Such as we now enjoy, 'mid grateful praise
 To Him who crowns our years with peace and love,
 A sweet foretaste of purer joys above!

Ah! clinging dear! the ivy and the oak
 Are not more near when thou dost thus provoke
 To deeds and words of love that plainly tell
 That Love is king, and all he doth is well;

The hot tears flow, but not because of grief,
'Tis heartfelt joy which thus must find relief;
And mutely eloquent each throbbing heart
Proclaims the other as its counterpart!

God bless our love, for He alone can bind
In perfect union, both of heart and mind,
All those who seek in Him their source of bliss,
Of love and joy, of peace and happiness.
Oh, may thy future bright and joyful be,
From every sorrow may thy lot be free,
And through life's journey to the very end
Heaven's choicest blessings all thy way attend!

THE LINKS THAT BINDS US.

OH! the fond links that bind us to this earth,
Strong as bands of iron—yet fine as gold;
Partings and tears oft mingle with our mirth,—
If loving much love never can grow cold!

Ah! were it not for partings now and then,
Love of home and friends were never tested,—
Hardship and trial make the noblest men:
Present pain is future joy invested!

The patriot's wistful eyes are dimm'd with tears
When parting from his much-lov'd native soil,
His heart doth throb with many doubts and fears,
Yet hope points FORWARD though his soul recoil!

But when the weary years have come and gone,
And o'er the sea he homeward ploughs his way,
He finds his former doubts and fears have flown—
Midnight with him hath changed to dawn of day.

A mother parts with one—her only son,
 Each shews but half the anguish that they feel,
 The voyage finished, or the battle won,
 What depths of love the meeting doth reveal!

Methinks such joy is ours when God, at last,
 Shall find us gather'd 'neath Heaven's azure
 dome;
 Our journeys, tears, and partings of the past
 Will be as naught if we but reach our home!



THE SWEETEST WORD ON EARTH IS HOME.

THE sweetest word on earth is home,
 To loving hearts most dear;
 Where'er our footsteps seek to roam,
 Home thoughts are ever near.
 The mem'ries sweet of life's spring-day
 Keep fresh and green forever,
 Like fragrant flowers they scent the way
 Adown life's winding river.

CHORUS.—The dearest spot beneath the skies
 Is that we call "our home!"
 'Tis there we look with longing eyes,
 Though o'er the earth we roam!

Our homes may be where mountains rise
 Like dark-green clouds to Heaven;
 Or where the valley-lily lies
 Our humble lot be given;

Or on an island of the sea
Oft by the tempest prest:
No matter where our homes may be,
To each that home is blest.

The strongest love within man's breast
Is love of life and home;
Like fledglings hovering round their nest
Our thoughts encircle home;
Our years may reach three-score-and-ten,
And full of changes be,
Yet scenes of home will haunt us then
When life was pure and free.

Where love hath cast her golden spell
And kindest deeds are done,
Where loving hearts unite to dwell,
'Tis heaven on earth begun;
Then cherish home with jealous care
And let not strife prevail;
Thus for our "heavenly home" prepare,
Secure within the vail.

MOTHER'S VOICE.

OH! the sound of mother's voice,
'Twas like music to my ear,
Oft it made my heart rejoice,
Oft dispell'd my anxious fear;
But, 'tis hush'd in silence now,
And of grief I've had my fill,
Her last kiss upon my brow
Seems to leave its impress still!

CHORUS—

Oh! the sound of mother's voice,
As it echoes through the years,
How it makes my heart rejoice,
Though it melts my eyes to tears!
While I live I'll ne'er forget
Tones so full of tender love;
Mother, dear, I'll meet thee yet
In our heavenly home above!

Mother's voice! I hear it still,
Seems to come from heaven above,
Keeping back my froward will,
Full of tenderness and love;
In my dreams I oft recall
Each kind look of love and joy,
Now, I understand it all—
How a mother loves her boy!

CHORUS—

Oh! the sound of mother's voice, etc.

Oh! the sound of mother's voice
Are the sweetest notes of earth,
There is nothing half so choice,
Full of love, and hope, and mirth;
Though to Heaven she has gone,
Yet the wealth of love she gave
Hath a power to cheer me on
From the cradle to the grave!

CHORUS—

Oh! the sound of mother's voice, etc.

A WIFE'S LAST GOOD-BYE.

OH, husband dear, though now we part,
And I must cross the river,
I fain would cheer thy lonely heart—
We do not part for ever!
I go to brighter, holier ground,
Where friendships are not hollow,
Where peace and love are ever found,
And thou wilt surely follow.

Oh, brightly beams that happy land
Of light, and love, and gladness,
Where we shall stand, at God's right hand,
Free from all care and sadness.
Let faith foresee with hopeful eyes,
That even now may borrow
A cheering ray from brighter skies
To dissipate thy sorrow.

Oh, husband dearest, fondest, best,
To whom my love was given,
In Jesus' love find sweetest rest,
We'll wait for thee in Heaven;
Death cannot enter there, my love,
Nor tears bedim the sight;
An endless love is ours above,
With angels ever bright.

One child is safe with me in Heaven,
The other left with you,
May wisdom from above be given
To make him kind and true;

And when at last we four shall meet,
 Beyond the surging river,
 We'll lay our crowns at Jesus' feet,
 And praise His love for ever!

MOTHER SLEEPS.

MOTHER sleeps! tired hands are folded
 O'er her breast so still and cold;
 White as marble statue moulded,
 Mother does not now look old:
 Gone the wrinkles born of home-care,
 Clos'd the lips that spoke but love,
 Hush'd the last faint words of pray'r,
 Ere her soul took flight above.

Mother sleeps! no more the cooings
 Of her infant's voice she hears,
 Deaf her ears to all its wooings,
 Clos'd her eyes to love or tears;
 Children gaze around in sorrow,
 Near the coffin father stands,
 Thinking of the sad to-morrow,
 Blighted hopes and parted hands!

Mother sleeps! how still the dwelling,
 Once the scene of all her care,
 Friends are weeping—hearts are swelling—
 Grief almost too much to bear;
 Home is sad without a mother,
 Children miss her deeds of love,
 Never can we find another
 Such as she where'er we rove!

Mother sleeps! the years are passing:—
Wedded souls hold converse sweet,
Father—freed from cares harassing—
Walks with her the golden street;
One by one we, too, may follow,
Meet beneath Heaven's azure dome;—
Hark! her voice sounds o'er the hollow!
"CHILDREN! ARE YOU COMING HOME!"

THE WORKINGMAN'S WIFE.

FROM day to day, from morn till night,
She works with an earnest will,
To make the home look clean and bright—
Her mission on earth fulfil.

No selfish thought pervades her mind,
In "HOME" is her great delight;
By look, and word, and tone so kind,
She leads her children aright.

The best the cupboard can afford
For her husband she prepares,
Well content with a kindly word,
As reward for all her cares.

The children know a tender spot
For them in her heart is given;—
Her Lord hath said—"Forbid them not,
Of such the kingdom of Heaven."

The day will come when mother's face
 Shall be white and cold as snow;
 No one on earth can fill her place,
 Her value we then shall know.

Hark! how she pleads in earnest pray'r
 That God would her dear ones save;
 Oh, seek then to lighten her care—
 Brighten her path to the grave!

I MISS A DEAR FACE.

I MISS a dear face
 From its wonted place,
 And my heart is full of sadness;
 But looking above
 To the God of love,
 The sorrow is chang'd to gladness.

REFRAIN—

Oh! we yet shall meet
 On that golden street,
 Oh! never again to sever;
 Earth's troubles all past,
 In our home at last,
 With fullness of joy for ever!

Ah! I know that there,
 In that purer air—
 The home of our heavenly Father—
 Is the one I miss,
 In that land of bliss,
 Where the angels love to gather.

REFRAIN—Oh! we yet shall meet, etc.

A dear voice that cheers,
 Through the silent years,
 Is heard with its sweet, soft pleading;
 And a hand that guides
 Through earth's stormy tides
 Hath mine in its kindly leading.

REFRAIN—Oh! we yet shall meet, etc.

I will not repine
 But daily incline
 The path of my lov'd to follow;
 Then, let the years pass,
 Like sands in a glass,
 Or sighing winds o'er the hollow!

REFRAIN—Oh! we yet shall meet, etc.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

FIFTY years of wedded life,
 Half a century of bliss,
 Since we first were man and wife,
 What a consummation this!

Through the sunshine and the shower,
 Bound by golden bands in one,
 Hand-in-hand in darkest hour,
 We the race of life have run.

True to vows of early years,
 Faithful to each other's love,
 Yet with tenderness and tears,
 Ripening for the courts above.

Years of joy, and love, and peace,
Full of happiness and trust;
Learning, as the years increase,
God is ever wise and just.

Soon at last His voice will call
One or other hence away;
Still remaining ONE through all,
WEDDED THROUGH ETERNITY.

“OUR BABY!”

CHUBBY face,
Full of grace,
Comic little glances;
Glad surprise,
Roguish eyes,
Making sweet advances!

Rosy feet,
Small and neat,
With dainty little toes;
Snug and warm,
Safe from harm,
Done up in fancy hose!

Gaily drest,
In her best,
Just like a fairy queen;
Tiny hands,
Satin bands,
We're proud of her, I ween!

Kick and grow,
Stretch and grow,
Seems bigger every day;
Not a care
Nestles there,
But angel-smiles alway!

God above,
Full of love,
Sent this little stranger;
Now we pray,
Every day,
Shield her from all danger!

THE MOTHERLESS CHILD.

“O H! Papa, where is Ma to-day?
I've looked in every bed!
They tell me 'Ma has gone away,'
Aunt says that 'Ma is dead.'
I thought that she would soon be well,
I kiss'd her yesterday;
Now where she is I cannot tell,
I feel too sad to play.”

The father, stooping, kiss'd his child,
And strok'd her golden hair;
He strove to hide the anguish wild
That struggl'd with despair.
The blue eyes scann'd him o'er and o'er,
And seem'd to read him through:
“Papa, will Mamma come no more,
And has she left you too?”

Like arrow sharp from quivering bow,
 The question smote him sore;
 And grief like ocean's ebb and flow,
 Found vent in tears once more.
 He clasp'd his darling to his breast,
 Which seemed to ease his pain:
 "God called your Ma; His will is best;
 We'll meet with her again!"

He carried her with tender care
 To where the coffin lay,
 To view the mother, young and fair,
 Now lifeless as the clay.
 "Oh! Mamma, dear! I'm here! I'm here!
 My Papa is here too!"
 And on the dead there dropt a tear
 From out those eyes of blue!

Kind friends looked in and view'd a scene
 Which "touched their hearts," they said,
 Then tenderly they came between
 The living and the dead.
 Weep not for those whom God has ta'en
 To realms of endless light,
 Our loss is their eternal gain—
 God doeth all things right.

TEACHING "THE TWINS" TO WALK.

TWO little "Toddlekins" learning to walk,
 Mamma and sister supporting;
 Trying to toddle, and learning to talk,
 'Mid chatting, laughing, and sporting!

Mamma seems proud of her two little pets,
 Johnnie and Winnie she calls them;
Dolly consumes all the kisses she gets,—
 No "Dolly" could thrive without them!

One little—two little—three little steps!
 Cautiously, carefully tended:
Mamma's strong arms most lovingly "keps"
 Both when "the trial" is ended!

Laughing, and crowing, and kissing all 'round,
 Everyone happy and cheerful;
A hug and a squeeze, a skip and a bound,
 A din that's perfectly fearful!

Happy the home with the children around,
 Despite all their din and rattle;
No likelier spot on earth can be found
 To nerve us for life's stern battle!

THE BABY'S PORTRAIT.

STEADY now, young "Chatterbox!"
 Rosy cheeks and raven locks;
Mamma wants your portrait now,
 Smile again and smooth your brow!
Touch your mouth with finger-tips,
 Pearly teeth and ruby lips;
Papa's pride and mamma's pet,
 High upon a cushion set!

Rolling eyes of azure blue,
 Watching, wondering, "what's-a-do!"
 While the artist smiles and grins,
 Ere he to his task begins.
 Steady now, young "Chatterbox!"
 Sly as any little fox;—
 Tinkling bells—the signal given—
 "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!"

For a minute silence reigns,
 Pleasure leaps in all our veins,
 Baby's picture's now complete,
 Lifelike, true, and oh, so sweet!
 Every one is positive
 Never was such negative;
 Beauty smiles at beauty's self,
 Each one hugs the little elf!

Soon a dainty frame is made,
 In the frame the portrait laid,
 Where it lay for many a day,
 As the years roll'd swift away;
 Oft the mother look'd and smil'd
 At the picture of her child,
 Now a happy, blushing bride,
 Still her father's joy and pride!

But at last there came a day
 When the bride must pass away,
 Claim'd by lover of her own,
 Happy in that love alone;
 And, 'mong presents rich and rare,
 One was prized—a portrait fair—
 Smiling as in days of yore,
 Now a "Chatterbox" no more!

THE UNCROWN'D KING!

(Our Wee Baby!)

HE sits upon a cushion'd throne—
This uncrown'd king!
He rules a kingdom all his own—
This uncrown'd king!
He is worshipp'd night and day,
And has all his own sweet way,
For we never say him—Nay!—
This uncrown'd king!

His subjects are his faithful slaves—
This uncrown'd king!
Nor murmur when he misbehaves—
This uncrown'd king!
All he sees he claims and keeps,
We must labour while he sleeps,
And get frighten'd when he weeps—
This uncrown'd king!

He speaks a tongue like ancient Greek—
This uncrown'd king!
Wise sages hush to hear him speak—
This uncrown'd king!
Though his words they cannot spell,
Of his wisdom they must tell,
Or, he'll answer with a yell!—
This uncrown'd king!

No household is complete without
An uncrown'd king!
We dearly love to hear the shout
Of our wee king!

And we call him "sweet" and "dove!"
 For he rules our hearts with love,
 Like the Great High King above,
 Our Baby King!

BABY IS DEAD.

THE baby is dead,
 How still it sleeps;
 Dear baby is dead,
 Its mother weeps:
 And the tear-drops fall on her thin white hands,
 Like a summer shower on the thirsty sands;
 The hope of a mother lies cold and still,
 In that little white coffin near the sill!

And father stands by
 With bow'd head—
 No grief like a sigh:
 Baby is dead.

A wee satin shroud,
 Narrow its bed;
 The clock ticks so loud,
 Baby is dead.

So still the house—you can hear your heart beat,
 The wheels of the hearse sound *harsh* on the street;
 The children tell Aunt, in a room near by:—
 They "*Can't make out why a baby should die!*"

"*Little hands and feet,*
 "*All pink and red,*
 "*Like a dolly neat,*
 "*Is baby dead?*"

A little green mound,
A tiny stone,
In churchyard ground
Stands all alone!
But up in Heaven a *new face* is seen,
Where never a sigh nor a tear hath been;
And the angels sing to that baby fair,
Till its mother arrives to claim it there,
Sweetest songs of love:
No death—no sin,
In that Home above
Can enter in!

THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

THE Angel of Death came hovering near,
To kiss the fair cheek of a child;
He left a dark shadow of hope and fear,
And a mother's heart throbbing wild.
A fond father knelt, with a trembling heart,
By the couch where his treasure lay;
Though he tried to smile, yet the tears would start,
While he vainly brush'd them away.

The silence of death was broken at last,
By sobs of a mother's first grief,
As the eyes of her boy to hers were cast,
With appealing looks for relief;
The father's strong arms encircl'd the child,
And sooth'd him at last to his rest,
While he clos'd his eyes and lovingly smil'd,
As he winged his way to the blest!

A prayer for submission and faith was sent
 To the God of all love and grace;
 And a ray of light in the dark was lent
 From their heavenly Father's face,
 As He taught them to lift their hearts above
 The flower which to them was given;
 While He would transplant, with infinite love,
 That flower in the garden of Heaven!

ROMPING WITH THE CHILDREN.

MIMIC battle,
 Din and rattle,
 Romping with the children after tea;
 How they giggle,
 Laugh and wriggle,
 Crowing as they triumph over me!

"Make him a horse,"
 That's "Pa," of course,
 They, the merry riders full of glee;
 Though not much ground,
 Yet round and round,
 Till they drive the wind right out of me!

At last content,
 And I near spent,
 Loudly they call for "a song" from me!
 I laugh and grin,
 And then begin,
 Hugging a little one on each knee!

Some song they know,
Sung soft and low,
Soon makes them feel like sleep, do you see ?
Then, one by one,
To bed they run,
With "a good-night kiss " for ma and me!

God bless their rest,
Our lov'd and best,
May their lives be ever pure and free;
Their joys we share,
And banish care,
While we laugh and romp so merrily!

"PAPA'S PET."

DOWN a crowded thoroughfare
Walk'd a little stranger,
Light blue eyes and golden hair,
Scarcely knew her danger!

Gaily dress'd, so clean and neat,
Ribbons without measure!
Stockings white and slipper'd feet,
Some one's darling treasure!

Heedless pass'd the crowd along,—
Business hours are pressing,—
None in all that busy throng
Stopp'd to make caressing!

Now and then an anxious look
O'er her face came stealing,
Wise as any sage's book,
Troubled heart revealing!

Looking for her mother's smile
In that sea of faces;
None her fears could there beguile,
Wearily she paces!

See! the blue eyes fill with tears,
And her bosom, heaving,
Shows the crowd her anxious fears
Need some kind relieving!

Soon a kindly stranger came,
And wip'd the cheeks so wet:—
“Tell me, Sissy, what's your name?”
“My papa calls me ‘*Pet!*’ ”

Here the stranger dropt a sigh,—
A sigh of sad regret;
One he claim'd above the sky,
Ah! once he call'd her “*Pet!*”

How he kiss'd that little child,
Kiss'd all her tears away;
Till at last she sweetly smil'd,
Just like a summer's day!

Soon he found her father's home,
Kept chatting all the way;
Never more from thence to roam
Until her wedding-day!

TO MY FRIENDS.

FRIENDS of my earliest days and years,
Ye who dispell'd my infant fears,
And o'er me spent your prayers and tears,
Father, Mother;
And let me pay a tribute meet
To those who watch'd my infant feet,
And shower'd on me their kisses sweet,
Sister, Brother.

Friends of my school-days or of play,
When all was joyous, bright, and gay,
Companions dear of life's spring-day,
Again we meet;
As memory paints the scenes anew,
In colours of the brightest hue,
When life was good, and pure, and true,
And friendship sweet.

Friends of those years when hopes were high,
And hearts beat true, and love was nigh,
And echoes woke which ne'er shall die,
But echoes give;
While fleeting years roll on apace,
Within my heart there is a place
That bears the likeness of each face,
And thoughts that live!

Friends dead and gone—friends far and near—
Friends tried and true—friends ever dear,
Though sunder'd far, yet all are here,
Close to my heart;

And all along life's rugged way
The smile of friendship crowns the day,
And hearts are young though heads be grey:—
Friends never part!

EMBLEMS OF FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is a GOLDEN BAND
Linking life with life,
Heart to Heart, and hand to hand,
Antidote to strife.

Friendship is a SILKEN CORD
Beautiful and strong,
Guarding, by each kindly word,
Loving hearts from wrong.

Friendship is a BEACON LIGHT
On life's rocky shore,
Brightest in our darkest night
When the breakers roar.

Friendship is an IRON SHIELD
Where life's cruel darts
Ever may be forced to yield
Ere they wound true hearts.

Friendship is the GIFT OF GOD
Freely to us given,
As the flowers that gem the sod,
Or the light of heaven!

MISUNDERSTOOD.

WHAT inward pain we sometimes feel
When we have been misunderstood,
How doth affection's warmth congeal
When ill intent's coin'd out of good?
How many bleeding hearts there are
Whose greatest bliss was doing good,
Yet for their love receiv'd a scar
From dearest friend—MISUNDERSTOOD!

When death hath clos'd the eyes of one
Whose heart beat ever for our good,
How sad to know their setting sun
Was dimm'd by us—MISUNDERSTOOD!
'Tis then we feel the pain we gave
A parent, friend, or neighbour good,
And grief o'erwhelms us like a wave,—
Too late! too late!—MISUNDERSTOOD!

Oh! could we but live o'er the past,
And weave our web of life once more,
Glad rays of sunshine would we cast
Where doubt and darkness reign'd before!
Hope is not dead!—the Present lives!—
Let us redeem it as we should;
The flower that's crush'd more fragrance gives
Than had it lived—MISUNDERSTOOD!

But One there is who never fails
To read the heart of man aright,
Though toss'd on life's tempestuous gales,
God will sustain us by His might!

Let all our aims in life be pure—
Men may mis-judge—still cling to good;
At last the victory shall be sure,
And we shall then be—UNDERSTOOD!

A KISS THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

THE telephone,
In merry tone,
Rang "Tinkelty-tinkelty-tink!"
I put my ear
Close up to hear,
And what did I hear, do you think?

"Papa, hello!
'Tis me, you know!"
The voice of my own little Miss;
"You went away
From home to-day,
But you never gave me—a kiss!

"It was a mistake,
I was not awake,
Before you went out of the house;
I think that a kiss
Will not be amiss
If I give it—sly as a mouse!

"So here goes, Papa,
And one for Mamma,
And another when you can come home:
Just answer me this,
Is it nice to kiss
When you want through the dear telefome?"

“Hello?” I replied,
With fatherly pride,
“I’ve got them as snug as can be;
I’ll give them all back,
With many a smack,
As soon as I come home to tea!”

SACRED COMPOSITIONS

RECOGNITION IN HEAVEN.

SHALL we know our friends in Heaven—
Kindred souls while here below?
Will the pleasure there be given
Recognizing those we know?
Yes! the Scriptures plainly telleth,
We shall know as we are known,
Songs of gracious welcome swelleth,
Sung by lov'd ones round the throne!

See yon happy mother finding,
One-by-one, her children dear;
Family ties for ever binding,
None are missing—all are here!
Wife and husband fondly meeting,
Nor more sorrow, death, or pain:
Brothers, sisters, gladly greeting,
Never more to part again!

Sunder'd friends again united,
Wrong and falsehood all forgiven;
The pure in heart hath God invited,
He is Love, and Love is Heaven!
Walking humbly—sins confessing—
“God and Heaven” our watchword be;
Praying for the Father's blessing,
Heaven shall open unto thee!

Ah! to miss that great re-union,
Doom'd eternal death to die;
Never more to have communion
With our friends beyond the sky;
Worse than death to be rejected,
Banish'd from that happy throng;
Never coming—yet expected,
Shall we miss that welcome song?

MY TRUST IS IN THEE.

OH, let me not lose hold on Thee,
Thou art my strength—my God,
When fortune, friends and comforts flee,
Oh! help me bear my load.

“My Father!” listen to Thy child,
Whose trust in Thee is found;
Say “Peace be still!” when tempests wild,
My storm-tossed bark surround!

Give me to know Thy presence near,
And hear that welcome voice;
“Fear not, for I am with thee” here,
Then shall my heart rejoice.

Hope then shall take the place of doubt,
Love's light dispel dark fears!
My trembling voice with joy shall shout,
And smiles dispel my tears!

God can make all our losses gains,
Our sorrows turn to joy;
He has a cure for all our pains,
Pleasures without alloy!

THE TOUCH OF THE DIVINE.

EACH grain of sand by sounding sea,
Each trembling leaf on quivering tree,
Each blade of grass on dewy lea,
Speaks volumes of God's love to me!

The pearls that deep in ocean lie,
The twinkling stars that gem the sky,
The sunbeam, caught from noontide's eye,
Direct my thoughts, oh God, to Thee!

The flowers that deck the fragrant dell,
And o'er me cast their beauty-spell,
I love them—for they seem to tell
The story of God's love to me!

No matter where I wander free,
By river, lake, or boundless sea,
The touch of God's dear hand I see,
And know by these He loveth me!

Oh, God! Thou doest all things well,
Earth, sea, and sky Thy wisdom tell,
In heaven what must it be to dwell
For ever, O my God, with Thee!

AN ANXIOUS SOUL COMFORTED.

POOR erring soul! thou art not yet forsaken,
A Father's loving heart still beats for thee;
Renounce the steps in sin which thou hast taken,
And thou shalt have a pardon full and free.

Let not the sins of former days deter
Thy heart from seeking after truth and God;
Thou shalt not seek in vain, do not defer,
Fly to the Cross, and Christ shall ease thy load.

A Father's arms are opened to receive,
A Saviour's blood was freely shed for thee;
Trust not thy erring self, in Him believe,
Who bore thy sins upon the cursèd tree.

No more in darkness shalt thou doubting tread,
A brighter Light shall guide thee on thy way;
No more in sin shalt thou be blindly led,
Nor in the paths of vice be found to stray.

Thy soul shall then in glorious measure feel
The Spirit's power, which changes mind and will,
And thou shalt not be able to conceal
The love which thy enraptur'd soul shall fill.

Then shalt thou grow in grace from day to day,
And thus be fitted for the home above;
Till God shall call thy ransom'd soul away
To swell the praises of His matchless love.

A PRAYER.

L OWLY and prostrate,
Kneeling before Thee,
Craving the spirit of prayer;
Wretched and lonely,
Seeking Thee only,
Leave me not now in despair.

Father of mercies,
And God of all might,
Hear Thou the sigh of my heart;
Groping through darkness,
Yet seeking the light,
Pardon and peace now impart.

Oh! to be nothing,
And Christ to be all,
Oh! to be ransomed by Thee;
Saved from destruction
And pow'r of the fall,
Through Jesus, who died for me.

Humbly, I ask Thee,
Jesus, my Saviour,
Bend Thou Thine ear to my cry;
For strength and for grace
While running life's race—
Lead Thou me on till I die!

“COME UNTO ME!”

“Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.”

COME! weary, fainting, contrite heart,
And bid thy doubts and fears depart,
Though tears of penitence may start
From downcast eyes,—
Come! though your sins are crimson red,
For you a Saviour's blood was shed,
For you He bow'd His thorn-crown'd head,
'Mid groans and sighs:
Oh! Come! Come! Come!

Come! while God's Spirit pleads with power,
Come! linger not another hour,
Come! ere the clouds of doubt shall lower
 And mar thy sight;
Come! now, while yet 'tis call'd "To-day!"
Come! from the snares of sin away,
Come! ere thy feet have learn'd to stray
 From God and right:
Oh! Come! Come! Come!

Come! in the attitude of prayer,
Come! cast on God your every care,
Come! all your wants and sins declare,
 God's mercy seek;
To thee the Comforter shall bring
"Peace!" that shall cause thy heart to sing;
Then to the Rock for ever cling,
 His praises speak:
Oh! Come! Come! Come!

THE PREACHER'S WARNING.

REMEMBER, O youth! in thy early prime,
The God of thy fathers in olden time:
The Creator of heaven, and earth, and spheres,
With whom one day is as a thousand years;
While the years of man are as early grass,
To-day in health, but to-morrow doth pass
In natural course of decay away,
To mingle again with its mother—Clay!

Ere the evil days come and years draw nigh,
When pleasure and hope give way to a sigh;
And the eye whose lustre was clear and bright,
Gives forth but a dim and uncertain light;
And the step, once firm and lithe in the dance,
Be crippled, and weak, and slow to advance;
Oh! young man, beware, and remember now
Thy Creator—God, and thy father's vow!

Let faith and prayer like daily incense rise
To God above, beyond the starry skies;
Seek wisdom from on high as daily food,
Let not thy left hand mar thy right hand's good;
But grow in grace, and in the knowledge rare
Which maketh rich, and Christ's atonement share;
Then shall thy path be as the rising sun,
And God at last shall say—*Well done, well done!*

JESUS' LOVE.

OH, wondrous love! oh, matchless grace!
That Jesus took the sinner's place;
And left His heavenly home on high,
On earth to *live*, to *weep*, to *die*.

To live on earth that we might rise
To brighter scenes beyond the skies;
And dwell in mansions fair and bright,
'Mid endless glory, love, and light.

To weep, that we might sing for joy,
And all our ransom'd powers employ;
Our hearts and voices gladly raise
In happy songs of love and praise.

*To die, that we might never die,
But live with Him in bliss on high;
And meet around that glorious throne,
Where Jesus gathers in His own.*

The love of Jesus, like the sea,
Is rich and boundless, full and free;
No seeking soul need e'er despair,
Or fail to find a portion there.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

WE cannot meet with undimm'd eye
The sun's effulgent, piercing rays;
No more can we, while 'neath the sky,
Fathom our great Creator's ways.

Still let us search, with humble awe,
And scan His wondrous works with care;
And round His glorious footstool draw
In humble, pleading, fervent prayer:

That He who rules celestial spheres,
And holds the oceans in His hand,
Would free our hearts from doubts and fears,
And lead us to that glorious land,

Where doubts no more disturb the mind,
And fears no more distress the heart;
Where we shall full fruition find,
And kindred meet no more to part.

Oh! may we stand on heavenly ground,
Where sweetest music charms the ear;
Where peace, and joy, and love abound—
For God Himself is ever near.

Oh! glorious land of endless day,
Oh! happy home so bright and fair;
Where saints unceasing homage pay
To Him whose blood has brought them there.

THE BELIEVER'S REFUGE.

'TIS sweet to feel that God is near
In times of trouble or distress,—
To quell the doubt, or calm the fear,
To pardon, comfort, heal and bless.

When all around is dark and drear,
And sorrow shades the brow with care,
How sweet to know that God will hear
The anxious soul's imploring prayer.

How sweet to lean upon that arm,
And in its strength a refuge find;
Secure from every fear or harm,
Which would disturb our peace of mind.

Jesus, thou Refuge ever sure,
Where all is peace, and joy, and rest;
Safe as the rock that doth endure,
Oh! let me lean upon Thy breast.

Then let the world its warfare wage,
And Satan tempt my heart with pride;
Let friends disown, and scoffers rage,
To turn my heart from Thee aside—

They all shall fail! but Thou alone
Shalt be my portion evermore;
I'll cling to Thee—the world disown—
Thy love confess—and Thee adore!

THE MISSIONARY'S PRAYER.

LORD, with Thine arm support our cause,
While, in obedience to Thy laws,
We raise Thy banner, plead Thy pow'r
To save when in the trying hour.

Lord, send Thy soldiers to the field,
And make the pow'rs of Satan yield
To Thy strong arm, that arm of might,
Which shieldeth those who do the right.

Lord, put Thy Word into our heart,
That we to others may impart
The knowledge of Thy saving grace,
To every tribe of every race!

Then shall we praise Thy mighty name,
And in all lands Thy right proclaim;
Where prayers of gratitude will rise,
Like grateful incense to the skies.

MY PORTION.

THE Lord is my Portion, then what need I
fear?

Though foes gather round me, my Helper is near;
Let troubles assail me or dark storms arise,
I'm safe on the "Strong Tower" that points to
the skies.

The Lord is my Portion, the Lord is my Friend,
My hope from beginning, my joy to the end;
No other His place in my heart can supply,
Which wells with its fulness when Jesus is nigh.

The Lord is my Portion in life and in death,
In lisping His name I shall spend my last breath,
I'll praise Him for ever for thinking of me,
And dying to save me on Calvary's tree.

The Lord is my Portion,—earth's portion is vain,
'Tis burdened with sorrow, and sickness, and pain;
Oh! gladly I'll leave it on hearing His call,
Then prostrate before Him in gratitude fall!

THY CHOICE—WHICH?

OH! which shall I choose,
Accept, or refuse,—
The pleasures of sin for a season?
Or cling to the Cross,
Through profit or loss,
Oh! tell me, and give me a reason?

The reasons I give
All others outlive,—
The pleasures of sin are deceiving,
And soon pass away,
Like winter's short day,
And leave the soul dark with its grieving:

Then cling to the Cross,
And count it not loss
To sacrifice earth's empty pleasure;
Think nothing of pain,
If Heaven thou gain,
And there have thy storehouse of treasure!

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(PARAPHRASED).

1. "*Our Father, which art in Heaven.*"
FATHER of Lights and God of Love,
Thrice holy is Thy name;
Thou King of Kings, enthron'd above,
Thou ever art the same.
2. "*Hallowed be Thy name.*"
Forever hallowed be Thy name
By hosts in earth and Heaven;
In heathen lands make known thy fame,
And saving mercy given.
3. "*Thy Kingdom come.*"
Thy kingdoms stretch from pole to pole,
Throughout earth's utmost bound;
Till gathered in each blood-bought soul,
That on the earth is found.

4. "*Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.*"
Thy will be ours from morn till night;
Obedient to Thy Word;
Then shall our path be clear and bright,
And sin shall be abhorr'd.
5. "*Give us this day our daily bread.*"
That man shall nothing be denied,
Who truly seeks Thy face;
Our earthly wants are all supplied
With bounty, love, and grace.
6. "*And forgive us our trespasses.*"
Our sins and failures we confess,
On bended knee entreat;
Thus, trusting to Thy tenderness,
We'll worship at Thy feet.
7. "*As we forgive them that trespass against us.*"
And may Thy love our hearts incline,
To mercy bend our ear;
To pardon others who combine
To cause us hurt or fear.
8. "*And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*"
From Satan's tempting snares of sin,
Thy right hand shall deliver;
Our God shall keep us pure within,
Though Hell's foundations quiver.

9. "*For Thine is the kingdom, the power,
and the glory, for ever.*"
Thine are the kingdoms of the earth,
And Thine the glory ever;
This world did own Thee at her birth,
Thou everlasting Giver.
10. "*Amen!*"
Amen! Amen! so let it be,
God's counsel faileth never;
The Truth of God is pure and free,
And shall prevail forever!
-

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

HENCE! every thought of worldly care,
This is the House of God;
My soul, as for a feast prepare,
Thy burdens here unload.

The pealing organ sweetly rings
Its cadence everywhere;
From pew to pew bright angel-wings
Seem floating through the air!

Ah! God is here—how very near—
We speak to Him in prayer;
His voice so dear dispels our fear,
And soothes our every care.

From out His Holy Word we read
His promises secure;
"Yea and Amen" they are indeed,
And ever shall endure.

The man of God with solemn voice,
Expounds "the message" given;
And as he speaks our hearts rejoice
As if approaching Heaven.

He dwells upon the love of God,
So boundless, pure, and free;
And of His Son, who bore the rod,
And died upon the tree.

The rich and poor, the young and old,
Here like one family meet,—
One heavenly shepherd and one fold,
And one communion sweet.

Dear day! the best of all the seven,
My heart with rapture swells;
'Tis as the melody of Heaven,
The sound of Sabbath bells!

Like doves unto their downy nest,
Our souls fly out to thee:
Sweet foretaste of that heavenly rest
For souls from sin set free.

THE CHRISTIAN'S ARMOUR.

Ephesians vi., 10-18.

OH! Christian brother! would'st thou know
From whence thy strength should be,
When wrestling with thy bitter foe,
Who seeks to conquer thee?

With might from God the Lord, be strong,
And in His strength prevail;
With heavenly armour battle wrong,
And thou shalt never fail.

Thy loins be girt about with truth,
The truth of God is sure;
'Twill compass all the snares of youth,
And keep thee ever pure.

Let righteousness thy breastplate be,
To ward thee in the fight;
Love God and man—deep, strong, and free,
By morning, noon, and night.

Shod with the preparation
Of holy Gospel peace,
The footsteps of the godly man
From strength to strength increase.

The shield of faith, above all, see
That it be clear and bright;
From it the fiery darts shall flee,
And vanish from thy sight.

Salvation's helmet guards thy head,
And shields from hurt thy face;
Inscribed upon it may be read:
"A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE."

Thy right hand grasps the two-edged sword,
With firmness and with might;
The true-dividing of God's Word
Is justice, truth, and right.

Then polish up thy armour bright,
With vigilance and care,
And thou shalt conquer in the fight,
By patience, faith and prayer.

Let prayer like incense ever rise
To God from souls set free;
Until we gain the heavenly prize,
And His own image see!

CONSECRATION.

NOT my will, but Thine, O Lord!
Trusting to Thy promis'd Word;
Keep me ever near to Thee,
All through life my guardian be.
Teach me all I ought to know,
Guide me where I ought to go,
Be my Comforter and Friend,
Till I reach my journey's end!

Let my heart its fullness tell,
Gratitude my bosom swell;
Patient, humble, mild, and meek,
Let my lips Thy praises speak.
Darkness Thou hast turn'd to day,
Swept my guilty fears away;
Thou art all in all to me,—
I am naught compar'd to Thee!

When at last life's battle o'er,—
Landed safe on Canaan's shore,
I shall see Thy blessed face
Lighten up that glorious place;

Prostrate at Thy feet I'll fall,
There Thy wondrous love recall,—
Love so boundless, deep, and free,
That it compass'd—"EVEN ME!"

THE LONGING SOUL.

O H! blessed Jesus, cast on me
One look of pitying love;
That moment shall my soul be free,
And sing with saints above.

Thy all-sufficient love is such
That none need ever fear,
Or think that they can ask too much,
Nor doubt Thy presence near.

In life or death, in weal or woe,
In sunshine, shade, or shower,
To Thee in pray'r my thoughts shall go,
And bless each passing hour.

Then, Saviour, teach me what Thou wilt,
Oh, save me from my sin;
Cleanse Thou my soul from all its guilt,
And make me pure within.

Then shall I walk with God on earth,
And dwell with saints in Heaven;
Thus sanctify this second birth
By saving mercy given.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

THOU God that rulest earth and Heaven,
To Thee be praise and glory given;
Let all on earth behold Thy power
And goodness in each passing hour.

How shall we praise Thy matchless love
In Thy Son's mission from above?
Who came to raise a fallen race,
And fit them for a nobler place.

Oh, touch us all with holy fire,
Our breasts with gratitude inspire;
That we may teach all those who stray,
The narrow, sure, and only way.

Oh, keep us in the narrow road,
Until in Heaven we meet our God;
Then shall we endless praises sing,
And Heaven with "hallelujahs" ring!

OH! FAINTING HEART.

OH! fainting heart! why dost thou fear
The hour of dissolution?
'Tis then thy Saviour is most near,
To grant thee absolution.
The soul that rests on God shall live
Through all earth's tribulation,
To His beloved He shall give
All needed consolation.

God hath sustained us all through life,
From infancy to manhood,
Then let us cease all needless strife,
His Word doth always stand good!
When passing through death's sullen stream,
His hand shall safely guide thee,
Behind the cloud there still doth gleam
The Light of Life beside thee.

Then look not back on things of earth,
Thy sins are all forgiven,
The fullness of thy second birth
Is registered in Heaven!
There, robes of spotless white are thine,
To cover doubts and fears;
God's everlasting arms entwine,
His hands shall wipe all tears.

THERE IS A GOD!

THERE is a God!—I know full well,
Though I have never seen His face;
Earth, sea, and sky His power tell,
His handiwork in these I trace.

There is a God!—the heavens declare
His gracious presence night and morn;
Sun, moon, and stars in God's pure air
Laugh Infidelity to scorn.

There is a God!—each flower I see
Seems but to live to speak His praise;
Each blade of grass, each leaf-crown'd tree,
Their heads in grateful gladness raise!

There is a God!—thus saith the sea,
Rock'd in the cradle of His hand;
Emblem of God's immensity,
Mov'd by the winds at His command.

There is a God!—the mountains high
Point to His heavenly throne above!
The stars that twinkle in the sky
Proclaim a God—a God of love!

Thou art my God!—Thy word doth show
The imprint of Thy hand divine;
'Tis from its pages that I know
My soul is kindred soul to Thine!

CHILDREN'S MARCHING SONG.

Tune,—"CANAAN."

COME, children, let us sing to-day,
Of our future home in Heaven;
And joyful tread the narrow way
That shall lead to God and Heaven!

CHORUS.—Marching! we are marching!
On the King's highway to Heaven!
Still drawing nearer day by day,
Till we reach the gates of Heaven!

And Jesus is our Guide and Friend,
As He walks with us to Heaven;
He will be with us to the end
Of our journey on to Heaven!—CHORUS.

Jesus the Way, the Truth, the Life,
 For to Him all power is given,
 To shield from dangers, snares, or strife,
 Those who follow Him to Heaven!

—CHORUS.

Now Beulah-land we're passing through,
 All our foes are backward driven;
 The jasper walls are fair in view,
 And the pearly gates of Heaven!—

—CHORUS.

Though Death's cold river runs between
 Our earth and the land of Heaven,
 Yet many of our friends are seen
 Carried safe across to Heaven!—CHORUS.

Sweet music fills the balmy air
 As we near the courts of Heaven,
 A royal welcome waits us there
 From the ransom'd hosts of Heaven!

—CHORUS.

“LORD, I BELIEVE!”

“**L**ORD, I believe!” yet oft I fear
 My faith is like the mustard seed;
 'Tis then I pray that Thou be near—
 A present help in time of need!

“Lord I believe” Thy promise true,
 That Thou art near to those who seek;
 The fainting heart Thou wilt renew
 And words of heavenly comfort speak!

“ Lord, I believe!” though vision fails
To see the Hand that points the way;
That man who trusts in Thee prevails,
Nor sin, nor death, o’er him holds sway!

“ Lord, I believe” that Thou hast died
To save me from the power of sin;
Then let me near to Thee abide
Till Thou to glory draw me in!

STAND THOU THE TEST !

“ I will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried, they shall call on My name, and I will hear them.”—*Zech. xiii.*, 9.

LET not your heart, my friend,
Be troubled, nor afraid,
Thy God relief shall send,
Trust, then, His promised aid;
He doth not sleep,
He will thee keep,
If thou on Him doth stay
He’ll guide thee on thy way!

Trust not to self, my friend,
But put thy trust in God;
Thy heart in meekness bend,
Even ’neath His chastening rod:
Stand thou the test,
Tried gold is best,
From dross and sin set free—
The Master’s image see!

Walk ever bravely on—
God is at thy right hand,
His strong arm lean upon—
Firm shalt thou ever stand;
By night or day
He knows the way,
He'll guide thee with His eye
Up to the realms on high!

Soon shall thy journey end
In perfect peace and love,
Where angels shall attend
And welcome thee above;
Life's race well run,
Well done! well done!
Thus enter into rest
Those who have stood the test!

BRING ANOTHER TO JESUS.

“And he brought him to Jesus.”—*John i.*, 42.

FIRST give thyself to Jesus,
Then bring your nearest friend;
He beckons to receive us
And loves us to the end;
Thus shall we haste the coming
Of our dear absent Lord;
His love our souls consuming
Shall magnify His Word.

Then still bring more to Jesus
As jewels for His crown,
The world will soon believe us
And lay its tribute down,
Exchanging doubt and sadness
For Jesus' loving glance,
Our hearts shall sing with gladness
To see His cause advance.

Then tell the love of Jesus
O'er all the earth around,
No other hope could cheer us,
No other help be found;
The One whom Satan feareth
Shall come in power again,
When that glad day appeareth
Our Lord and King shall reign!

MISCELLANEOUS.

NATURE'S TEMPLE.

'TIS sweet to sit in pensive mood,
'Mid Nature's grand, stern solitude,
Where warbling birds pour forth their lays,
In happy, joyous songs of praise.

Or watch some noble cat'ract bound
From giddy height to lowly ground,
Where echoes ring from peak to peak,
And God in Nature seems to speak.

With praise to God the woods resound,
Surrounding hills repeat the sound,
And in my heart an echo rings,
Which joy and consolation brings.

There doth my soul find sweet relief,
And gather strength for future grief;
For life's stern duties now prepare,
By supplicating God in prayer.

Oh, God! to be alone with Thee,
In Nature's Temple—rich and free;
And for a time forget the strife
Of man with man—of Death with Life.

Oh, happy hour! oh, sweet retreat!
With Thee, my Father, thus to meet;
And learn from Nature to adore
The God of Nature evermore!

EARTH'S WOOING!

EARTH is out in her new SPRING dress,
A wooing the hearts of men!
Ardent lovers their loves confess
Over and over again!
Birds are singing,
Dewdrops clinging,
Flowers are laughing at May;
Hope fills again
The hearts of men,
As they plough the fields to-day!

Earth is out in her SUMMER dress,
With the rainbow tints anew,
The children's hearts and lives to bless,
And the skies are azure blue!
A new love song
The whole day long
Is sung by the milking-maid,
The lambs at play
Are wild to-day,
As they romp in the flowery glade!

Earth is out in her AUTUMN dress,
The colour of ruby wine,
Her heart is full of tenderness
In response to heart of mine!
She knows it well
I need not tell
The vows of the happy year;
In wedded bliss
No joys we miss
Though the Wintry blasts be near!

Earth is robed in her WINTER dress,
All spotlessly white and pure;
No flowers hath she, no warm caress,
Yet her heart is mine, I'm sure:
Love's heat or cold,
Makes love more bold,
And the bracing Winter's blast—
Tho' seeming rude—
Is fraught with good,
When the die of the year is cast!

Nature and I are the lovers dear,
I love her in every mood;
A perfect love that knows not fear,
A love that is pure and good!
At last I'll rest
Upon her breast
Like a seed well sown away,
Freed from earth's pain
To bloom again
In a land of endless day!

NEVER SAY "DIE."

WHEN misfortune attends you let this be
your cry:

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Nothing comes without energy, patience, and
pluck,—

Do not stay in the mud and you'll never get
stuck,

Trusting more to yourself than to chance or good
luck:

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Don't say "Wait a minute!" but at once say
"I'll try!"

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Put your hands to the plough-shafts and do not
look back,

Better wear out than rust though you earn not a
plack,

They will yet call you "Mr." who now dub you
"Jack!"

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Don't imagine when sick that you're going to die,

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Take a rest and be still, it will do you more
good,

Than dosing your stomach with physic and food,
Nature's laws are the best and should be under-
stood,—

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Should love e'er beguile you don't give way to a
sigh,

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

Just appear to be careless and "let well alone!"

She may mourn in your absence when chances
seem gone,

And the next time you ask her all shyness be
flown,

Never say "Die!" Never say "Die!"

If your life be well spent you'll be ready to
die,—

Ready to die! Ready to die!

It will come just as easy as going to sleep,

Those who trust in the Lord He has promised to
keep;

As you live—as you sow—you shall certainly
reap,

Rewards will be paid when you die!



WHERE HAS THE OLD YEAR GONE?

WHERE has the old year gone?

Gone to join the mystic ages,

One more leaf in history's pages,

To be read by fools and sages:

There has the Old Year gone!

Where has the Old Year gone?
Gone the circle of the earth,
Grief to some—to others mirth—
Back to God who gave it birth;
There has the Old Year gone!

Where has the Old Year gone?
Gone with promise false or true,
Gone with loving friends we knew,
Hid for ever from our view:
There has the Old Year gone!

Where has the Old Year gone?
Gone with all its hopes and fears,
Gone with all its joys and tears,
Dead and buried with the years:
There has the Old Year gone!

Where has the Old Year gone?
Gone till God recalls the past,
Good or ill—the die is cast,
Judged by it we are at last;
There has the Old Year gone!

Where have the Old Years gone?
Gone! and left their scars for ever
On our hearts. Erase them?—Never!
Till we cross Death's chilly river:
Ah! there have the Old Years gone!

A SUMMER'S DAY;
OR,
MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

INTRODUCTION.

SPRING show'rs have wash'd the winter snows
away,
And Nature smiles at the approach of May,
Clad in the brightest green, and deck'd with
flowers,
Which speak of balmy winds and sunny hours;
When birds, and bees, and butterflies abound,
And flowers in rich profusion deck the ground,
Strewn here and there by Flora's wanton hand,
And Hope sings merrily o'er all the land:
Oh! then, 'tis surely summer!

I.—MORNING.

'TIS morning! for the rising sun
His daily journey hath begun;
Flooding the earth with glory bright,
Chasing away the gloom of night;
Closing the eye of every star
That twinkles in the heavens afar;
Paling the moon's soft, silvery light,
Till it recedes from mortal sight!

All hail! thou ruler of the day,
Nature delights to own thy sway;
At thy approach the smallest flower
On hill, or dale, or verdant bower,

Lifts up its head, though wet with dew,
And spreads its petals out to view,
To cheer the heart, and glad the eyes,
A dainty morning sacrifice!

At Sol's glad light the feather'd throng
Make woods resound with cheerful song,
And, full of grateful, glad surprise,
Fly out to meet thee in the skies;
The milkmaid sings a merry lay,
As through the fields of fragrant hay
She gaily trips to meet the cows,
Whose welcome noise the echoes rouse.

Sweet morning hours!—first-fruit of day—
None but the slothful spurn away
Thy gifts of beauty, health, and light,
And, slumb'ring, turn thee into night!
When glory gilds the eastern sky,
And Nature lifts her voice on high,
Why should not man, with grateful heart,
Join in and take a noble part?

II.—NOON.

THE sun hath reached meridian's height,
And robed the earth in glory bright;
Flora, arrayed in all her charms,
Looks up and smiles; with loving arms
Seeks to invite his presence near,
Like perfect love which hath no fear,
And thinks no evil, though now a show'r
Should hide his face in noontide's hour!

Bright noon! when all around is life,
And hum, and stir, and busy strife;
Nature, in all her various forms—
Like angry waves in wintry storms—
Strives life with life for daily bread,
For all must live and all be fed,
Each eager to secure a prey
Before noontide shall pass away!

The butterfly enjoys the hour,
And sips sweet nectar from the flower;
The humble bee doth homeward bring
Her treasures sweet on laden wing;
The cheerful sparrow on the ground
A dainty mid-day meal hath found—
All nature knows the time of day,
Nor lets it idly pass away!

'Tis noon! and from the village school
A joyous host, released from rule,
Rush out with hearts as light as air,
Without a sorrow or a care,
But to improve the fleeting hour
Whether in sunshine or in shower,
For noon's short hour flies fast away
When given to joyous mirth and play!

III.—NIGHT.

THE evening shades are falling fast,
Long shadows on the ground are cast,
The western sky is all aglow
With fiery glory setting low;

The hill-tops glance with changing hue,
A noble back-ground to the view,
As mountain, river, lake, and plain,
Are bathed in glory once again!

Sweet evening hours! suggesting rest,
To weary toilers thou art blest;
See yonder cottage at whose door
The children look for "Pa" once more,
And by the welcome they impart
Bid all the cares of day depart;
Domestic joys are life's sweet flowers,
Full blooming in the evening hours.

As evening deepens into night,
A host of stars shed purest light;
Fair Luna comes upon the scene,
With halo of bright, silv'ry sheen,
To woo the lover out to stroll
The shady walks with love-lit soul,
And pour into the maiden ear
The soulful words she loves to hear!

At last the midnight hour is past,
The stillness of the grave is cast
On all around with potent spell,—
The day is past and all is well!
For Israel's God doth ever keep
His watchful eye o'er those who sleep;
Tired Nature rests, while God alone
With heavenly love protects His own!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

RING out the merry Christmas bell
That tells of joy and gladness,
Our happy hearts with pleasure swell,
This is no time for sadness;
This is the crowning of the year,
A day of merry-making,
With feast and song our hearts we'll cheer,
All anxious cares forsaking.

'Twas Christmas-tide when Jesus lay
All lowly in a manger,
He came to take our sins away,
And save our souls from danger;
The shepherds on the hills at dawn
Heard angel-voices singing:
"Now peace on earth, goodwill to men,
We are this morning bringing."

'Tis nineteen hundred years and more
Since that glad Christmas morning,
Yet once a year, on every shore,
Are happy hearts adorning
The Christmas tree with presents rare,
Its dark-green boughs are laden,
And round it dance the children fair,
The lover and the maiden!

Oh! merry, happy Christmas Day,
For young and old together,
The very snow-flakes seem more gay,
Though bitter cold the weather;

As round the family fireside
The dear ones we are meeting,
Let peace and harmony abide,
With love each other greeting.

LIFE'S SUPREME MOMENTS.

I.

WHEN first to earth a living soul is brought,
Out of the depths of darkness, doubt, and
pain,
Ere yet its being hath the power of thought
To measure life as either loss or gain;
Our time of birth is moment most supreme,
Call'd into being by the will of God,
To wond'ring angels a delightful theme,
From first to last to mark the pathway trod!

II.

Another moment most supreme is when
The lisping infant stammers out "Mamma!"
Or, when the father, coming home at e'en,
Hears baby-lips lisp out the first "Papa!"
Oh, these are moments when the heart beats fast
With ecstasy and fond parental love,
The sweets of life are all too short to last,
Else would we never sigh for those above!

III.

When first the human mind grasps holy things,
And God is known and felt within the soul,
'Tis then the blood-bought one exults and sings
The praise of Him who doth our lives control;
That is a moment of supremest joy
Which feels the transfer of our heart to God;
To bless and praise Him is its lov'd employ,
Even to the kissing of His chast'ning rod!

IV.

Whene'er our hearts are sore with bitter grief,
And clouds of darkness seem to hover near,
'Tis then we find in prayer a sweet relief,
An antidote to each dark doubt and fear;
These are sweet moments that we call supreme
When soul and body seem to soar on high,
And bask contented in some heavenly theme,
When God, and Love, and Purity are nigh!

V.

The memory of school-days!—how they tint
Our after-years with sunshine and delight;
School is to life the intellectual mint
From whence is won the stamp of genius bright;
Where, after many sessions wisely spent,
Comes forth the youth to battle with his fate:
Those knowing most with knowledge less content
Than those whose lesser knowledge makes elate!

VI.

It is a moment most supreme to find
That Wisdom is the currency of heaven,
And that to cultivate the human mind
To those who would be wise the taste is given;

Knowledge is true greatness—the mind expands
And oft is index'd on the human face;
He is most humble who most understands
And nearest God who loves His law to trace!

VII.

Oh, Love! thou art the elixir of life,
The sweet'ning draught in sorrow's bitter cup,
An antidote to selfishness and strife—
Humbling the proud, the humble raising up!
When love at first beholds its counterpart
The die is cast for future peace or pain,
'Tis answered by a fluttering of the heart—
This "supreme moment" never comes again!

VIII.

Oh, happy state! the only life complete,
Two loving hearts in one pure purpose bent,
God's wise provision for communion sweet,—
Felicity and love, with sweet content;
Love is the keynote of a happy life,
To which fond hearts in unison accord,
Heaven's greatest gift to man—a loving wife,
"Tender and true" in every thought and word!

IX.

Thus portion'd out, life is a pleasant dream,
Though here and there some trials intervene;
No clouds without some bright and hopeful gleam,
With rays of sunshine darting in between!
In every life supreme sweet moments come,
Like sunshine after rain enjoy'd the more,—
A deed, a word, a look, a smile to some
May echoes wake to live for evermore!

X.

As there are moments of supremest joy,
So there are seasons of deep inward pain—
Sometimes ingratitude our hearts annoy,
Sometimes we lose when all our plans were gain!
Such is the sum of human smiles and tears,
But we might often smile, instead of weep;
And such the record of our hopes and fears,
Instead of anxious vigils—we might sleep!

XI.

If that our life were hid with Christ in God,
We might defy the rocks and shoals of life!
If we would walk the path that Jesus trod,
We might be spared much anxious care and
 strife;
So, that, at last, our closing moments near,
They might be those of supreme happiness,
Despoil'd of every doubt, care, grief, or fear,
Such is the entrance to the gates of bliss!

XII.

Death is a blessing when it comes with peace,
And frees the soul from all its suff'ring clay;
To die is gain when Death but brings release,
And turns our darkness into endless day!
Oh! moment most supreme when first a soul
Beholds its Saviour face to face in Heaven,
And finds its name inscribed upon the scroll
Reserved for those who for "the prize" have
 striven!

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

WHEN worry, and care, and toil are ours,
 And the day's weary heights we climb,
 Let's think of the restful evening hours—
 We live but one day at a time!

So let us toil on for those we love,
 To fret and despair is a crime;
 'Twill lessen our load to look above;
 We live but one day at a time!

To labour and toil is man's estate,
 The reward will come—dime by dime;
 Be it ours to bravely work and wait—
 We live but one day at a time.

Then work with a will and sing this lay
 To the tune of the evening's chime,—
 "Let canker and care fly swift away!"
 We live but one day at a time!

And at last when life's grey shadows fall,
 Ere we pass to the realms sublime,
 We shall hear the Master's welcome call:
 "Thou hast lived well, one day at a time!"

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

DRIFTING down the river of life—
 Drifting, drifting, drifting;
 A lonely bark—immortal soul,
 Launch'd forth to seek life's final goal,
 O'er sunken rocks or hidden shoal,
 Drifting, drifting, drifting!

Drifting down the river of life—
 Drifting, drifting, drifting;
High, rocky, frowning banks o'erhead,
'Neath tangled branches, 'live and dead,
A tiny bark to ocean sped,
 Drifting, drifting, drifting!

Drifting down the river of life—
 Drifting, drifting, drifting;
Here, passing through some lovely scene,
Cool shade and sunshine intervene,
Now, o'er a cascade's glist'ning sheen,
 Drifting, drifting, drifting!

Drifting down the river of life—
 Drifting, drifting, drifting;
Ever moving—resting never—
Speeds the bark adown life's river,
Daring Death and danger ever,
 Drifting, drifting, drifting!

Drifting down the river of life—
 Drifting, drifting, drifting;
Hark! the roll of distant thunder,
Lightnings rend the rocks asunder,
Oh! the look of awestruck wonder,
 Drifting, drifting, drifting!

Drifting down the river of life—
 Drifting, drifting, drifting;
Cowering 'neath the chilly blast,
Many a dreadful cavern past,
Out—out into the Light at last!
 Clouds and shadows lifting!

See! the Pilot looking for us—
 Drifting, drifting, drifting!
 Raise the signal to Him—"Prayer!"
 Trust His wisdom, skill, and care,
 Gone the night of dark despair,
 No more danger drifting!

Oh! the wrecks that strew the shore—
 Drifting, drifting, drifting;
 No Faith had they on sea or land,
 While others knelt, they dar'd to stand,
 And spurn'd the Pilot's helping Hand—
 Wreck'd and lost while drifting!

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

WHAT sad and fateful words are these:
 Too late! too late! too late!
 The bitter words that were our last,
 The broken vows behind us cast,
 The chance to do a kindness past,
 Too late! too late! too late!

What friendships true there might have been:
 Too late! too late! too late!
 The trustfulness that once was ours,
 The sweet delights of happy hours,
 Have wither'd like last summer's flowers,
 Too late! too late! too late!

'Tis those who love that suffer most:
 Too late! too late! too late!
 Tender hearts are soonest broken,

Careless words—how easy spoken—
Scorn exchanged for Love's sweet token,
Too late! too late! too late!

Give flowers and kindness ere they be
Too late! too late! too late!
While life, and health, and hope are mine,
Let friendship, love, and truth entwine,
Then dark Remorse will not be thine,
Regrets may come too late!

NO POCKETS IN A SHROUD.

O H, brother! why this grasping mood,
When Want and Hunger cry aloud?
Then use your wealth in doing good,—
There are no pockets in a shroud!

Oh, brother! why this haughty air,
And over-bearing manner proud;
The poor are God's peculiar care,—
There are no pockets in a shroud!

Remember him of old, who gave
His food to dogs, while Lázarus stood,
Beseeching help his life to save,
While Dives—the glutton, wasted food!

His fate be thine! O wealthy man!
If thou neglect thy power for good;
God hath ordained it in His plan,—
There are no pockets in a shroud!

The wheel of Fortune quickly turns—
Thy children yet may lack for food;
God pity him who mercy spurns,
And wraps his treasures in a shroud!

God bless the man whose heart can bleed
With sympathy for sorrow's crowd,
And helps the poor in time of need—
There are no pockets in a shroud!

Do not the suffering ones forget,
Thy praises they shall sing aloud;
Their tears of gratitude shall wet
The grass that grows above thy shroud!

WELCOME! GLAD SPRING!

WELCOME, glad Spring! with new-born
hope,
Cold Earth feels thy embrace;
Snow's mantle leaves the mountain's slope—
The rivers run a race:
Who'll be the first to kiss the sea?
Bold mountain-torrents said,
As, through the valleys bounding free,
They rush to ocean's bed.

Welcome, glad Spring! with boisterous mirth,
The winds sing songs so loud,
That Nature wakes to view the earth,
Rain melts her snowy shroud!

And then, from out the teeming soil,
The sun draws forth the flowers,
To smile upon the sons of toil,
And cheer their busy hours!

Welcome, glad Spring! the children say,
As to the fields they run,
To gather early flowers in May,
And bask beneath her sun!
The wooing birds sing as they build
Their cozy nests on high,
While fleecy clouds sail lazily
Across yon azure sky!

Welcome, glad Spring! old age again—
Slow marching to the tomb—
Once more revives from cold and pain,
Takes on a passing bloom:
Like yonder oak upon the plain,
Grim, gnarled, old, and bare,
With Spring's green leaves looks young again,
And in old age looks fair!

Welcome, glad Spring!—eternal Spring!
The Christian's hope and joy;
Earth gladly hears Heaven's echoes ring:
"Pleasures without alloy!"
We are the planting of the Lord,
The seedlings of His care;
To be transplanted by His Word
To bloom for ever there!

THE POET'S WORK AND WAGES.

WHAT work are the poets doing?
Teaching men to live;
Not like slaves with scourges driven,
But like men, with powers God-given,
Using them for God and Heaven,
Gaining while they give!

What work are the poet's doing?
Teaching men to think:
That this life is man's probation,
Fitting for a nobler station,
Rising higher in creation,
Up from Chacs' brink!

What work are the poets doing?
Teaching men to see:
God in Nature every hour,
Beauty in each leaf and flower
Wonders wrought by sun and shower,
Winds, and waves, and sea!

What work are the poets doing?
Teaching men to love:
Drawing nearer man to man,
Doing all the good we can,
Working out "the golden plan"
Taught by God above!

What, then, are the poet's wages?
To be lov'd of men:
More than gold is approbation,

Praise inspires his emulation,
Naught he cares for wealth or station,
Contra—love of men!

Does the poet love his calling?
Note his answer true:
"More than Ophir's golden treasures,
More than earth's alluring pleasures,—
Love I Music's rhythmic measures?
More than life I do!"

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

A MAN of patience, zeal, and skill,
Of judgment cool, and iron will,
An enemy to every ill,
Is he—the family doctor.

He's at our call by night or day,
And "ready for the road" always,
A sudden summons he'll obey,
The faithful family doctor.

When in the hall his hat is hung,
He feels the pulse, and scans the tongue,
Then quick prescribes for old or young,
The skillful family doctor!

A queer black bag he brings so sly,
It fills with dread the children's eye,
For once they heard a baby cry,
Left by the family doctor!

One day he came with solemn tread,
And, speaking softly, shook his head;
“We’ve done our best—poor man—he’s
dead,”

The sympathising doctor!

He comes to cure our many ills,
With powders, plasters, drugs, and pills,
Then by the post he sends his bills,—
Who would not pay the doctor?

But money cannot always pay,
The good he does from day to day;
Our grateful love he earns alway—
God bless the family doctor!

OUR MEETING-PLACE IS HEAVEN.

Lines on the death of Mrs. G. W. Grant, affectionately dedicated to the surviving members of her family.

ONE year ago a reaper came,
The reaper’s name was Death;
He gently whispered baby’s name,
And chill’d her with his breath!
Her mother’s heart was sorely riv’n,
The father bow’d his head—
She’s but transplanted safe in Heaven,
And lives—whom we call dead!

But mother pin’d—and Death was kind—
He could not part them long,
For now they meet at Jesus’ feet,
And sing the glad new song!

Till all are gather'd safely home,
Life's work and duties o'er,
Then father and the boys will come,
And meet to part no more!

No need for tears—no cause for fears—
Death as a friend is giv'n,
We sink to rise beyond the skies—
Our meeting-place is Heaven!
We are but pilgrims here below—
Sojourners of a day—
None in that land where Christians go
Shall ever know decay!

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

TIME is ever on the wing,
Fast our moments fly away;
Let us prize them, though they bring
Joy and sorrow mixed alway!
Had we joy alone, my friend,
We would seek no other sphere;
Did God only sorrow send,
We would wish the end was near!

God is wiser far than we,
And He knoweth what is best;
Let us in His wisdom see
That He seeks our FAITH to test!
May we live, as though this hour
Were our last on earth to spend;
And, come sunshine, shade, or show'r,
God's best blessing will attend!

Let the years roll on apace,
Heaven is nearer than before;
Let us bravely trials face,
Waves break loudest near the shore!
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
All within one year are bound;
Let us through each season sing
Songs of praise the whole year round!

NEVER GO BACK ON A FRIEND!

IN the pathway of life,
'Mid its trials and strife,
There's a motto to you I commend:
In life's ups and its downs,
In its crosses or crowns,
You must never go back on a friend!

Though your friends may be few,
Let them feel that in you
And your word they can ever depend;
To preserve your good name
From contumely and shame
You must scorn to go back on a friend!

There are times when you can't
Keep engagements you want;
Don't neglect explanations to send;
Just as true as you live,
They will freely forgive—
And not say you went back on a friend!

Should a friend be in need
Of advice or kind deed,
Don't begrudge him your comfort to lend;

He will bless you at last,
When his troubles are past—
In adversity stand by your friend!

Though the seas ebb and flow,
Let your friends ever know,
You are faithful and true to the end;
Should misfortune betide,
They will stand by your side,
For you never went back on a friend!

There is one Friend above,
Whom we all ought to love,
Who is strong as a Tower to defend;
Let His Word be your guide,
And keep close by His side—
Don't go back upon God as your Friend.

FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

THE night was calm and still, the moon shone
bright
And lent the silver-sweetness of her light
To guide the lonely patrol on his beat,
As, with a measured step, from street to street
His echoing footsteps beat a solemn tread ;
And from the city towers, far overhead,
The midnight hour rang out with mournful chime,
Telling the wakeful of the march of time.

But hark! what awful sound is that I hear,
Which falls like thunder on my closing ear?—
Fire! *fire!* FIRE! 'tis the patrol's warning cry
That rings from house to house, from earth to sky,

Rousing the wakeful, scattering the dreams
Of love and joy, and for a moment gleams
From face to face—from eye to eye
A terror as of death or danger nigh.

Fire! *fire!* FIRE! onward press the anxious crowd
With rushing, hasty steps, and noises loud,
To yonder mansion, where the ruddy glare
Speaks louder than the groans of dark despair!
The greedy flames surround with furious power
The doomed abode; and in that midnight hour
Strong men are weak, and none but they are brave
Who look to Him whose power alone can save.

Thus felt a father when he saw his child,
Far out of human reach, 'mid danger wild,
On topmost storey, and in blank despair,
His piteous cries resounding through the air.
At last he heard his father's well-known voice,
Which made his sinking heart with hope rejoice,—
“Spring to my arms, my son! do not delay,
Haste! haste! and I shall bear thee safe away!”

The brave child heard and, stepping on the sill,
Prepared to execute his father's will;
He looked from death to life with anxious eyes,
And ceased his murmur and despairing cries.
Then, with his tiny arms outstretched to Heaven,
Heroic courage to his soul was given;
He, fearless, sprang from all the dread alarms,
And fainting, dropped into his father's arms.

O let such FAITH be mine,—such childlike faith
In Thee, O God; then neither fear nor scathe
Shall hinder me from clinging to Thine arm,
For Thou alone canst save from fear or harm!

And when, at last, *Thy call* from earth I hear,
No doubt shall hinder, nor despairing fear;
But, looking up to Thee with heart and eyes,
Thou wilt accept and bear me to the skies!

FLOWERS!

FLOWERS are loved by young and old,
As they gracefully unfold
Sweetness caught from Eden's bowers,
When at first God made the flowers:
Rich in every tint and hue,
Smiling through their tears of dew;
Beauty's glory crowns their head,
As they peep from grassy bed!

Purity the Lily seems,
As she in the sunlight gleams;
Humility the Pansy knows,
Happiness bespeaks the Rose,
Love the laughing Daffodil,
Pinks our eyes with *Beauty* fill;
Every flower, a charm its own,
Fills a place on Flora's throne!

Flowers may teach the heart of man
As no other teacher can:
God's creative hand was there,
When He made the flowers so fair;
Out of chaos formed the earth,
Spake, and planets had their birth;
To adorn the human race,
Lent the beauty of His face!

He who loves the tiny flower
 Something knows of Heaven's power,
 Which will hope and courage give,
 Strength and sweetness while he live;
 Like the flowers we pass away,
 Short, yet sweet, is life's brief day—
 Let good deeds and thoughts sublime,
 Stand the touch and test of time!

LIVE IT DOWN!

WHEN the world speaks falsely of you
 Live it down! live it down!
 Let your every word and action
 Illustrate a square transaction,
 This be your best satisfaction—
 Live it down! live it down!

Should traducers base malign you,
 Live it down! live it down!
 Soon they'll hang their heads with shame,
 Cease to trifle with your name,
 Time will show where lies the blame,
 Live it down! live it down!

Let not spite or envy vex you,
 Live it down! live it down!
 Build upon a safe foundation,—
 Live within your means and station,—
 Do the right and dare creation!
 Live it down! live it down!

If false friends betray—deceive you,
Live it down! live it down!
Better now that you should sever
Friendships such as these forever,
Trusting to your own endeavour,
Live it down! live it down!

Should misfortune e'er o'ertake you,
Live it down! live it down!
Own up error or transgression,
Never be above confession,
Cower not beneath oppression,
Fight it down! fight it down!

Heed not sneaking cowards' railing,
Live it down! live it down!
Stormy winds make fastest sailing!
Right is might and truth prevailing!
God above is never-failing!
He is judge—let others frown!

THE BLIND FIDDLER.

HE stood at a crossing late at night,
The wind was chilly and keen,
No use for him the electric light,
Nor the light of day, I ween;
His face was pinch'd, and pallid, and sad,
His clothing tatter'd and bare,
A half-starved dog for a guide he had,
His wealth—a *Cremona* rare!

He would not part with that bosom-friend,
A relic of brighter days,
Though seldom a dollar had he to spend,
Since he trod misfortune's ways;
He came from Italia's sunny clime,
Exil'd from fortune and home—
But love of musical art sublime
Follows her children that roam!

He played from "the masters" rare and true,
But not with the aid of book,—
Yet every note of their works he knew,—
You could see it in his look;
For, though his eyes were diseas'd and dark,
The eyes of his soul were bright,
And the tender tones of "Vital Spark,"
Drew a crowd that chilly night!

As the grateful audience prais'd his skill,
The dog whin'd a meaning rhyme,
Their pockets and purse-strings slack'd at will,
Tin-cup got nickel and dime!
Enough for present needs—bed and board—
For master and dog were got;
The piercing winds, like a two-edg'd sword,
Drove them home to humble cot!

The last performance he play'd that night,
A death-chill had laid him low,
But when the fever was at its height,
He grasp'd both fiddle and bow:
He made the *Cremona* almost sing
Sweeter notes than soaring lark,—
While his soul went forth to meet the King
To the music of "Vital Spark!"

THE LAWYER.

WHO pleads his CASE 'gainst wind and tide,
And swings his ROBE from side to side,
As proud as any new made bride?
The consequential lawyer!

Who loves his CLIENT and a BRIEF,
Yet who EXPOUNDS beyond belief,
Till all around gasp for relief?
The bright, LONG-WINDED Lawyer!

Who gathers EVIDENCE with care,
And knows how best to "split a hair,"
That makes the honest Judge to stare?
The cute and cunning Lawyer!

Who knows the MERITS of each case,
Defines the MOTIVE, TIME, and PLACE,
Cross-questions WITNESS face to face?
The cool, clear-headed Lawyer!

Who looks just spoiling for a fight,
To right a wrong or wrong a right,
Because he is A LEGAL LIGHT?
The enterprising Lawyer!

How glad and happy does he feel,
To WIN A CASE after APPEAL,
And make DEFENDANT squirm and squeal
At COSTS from PLAINTIFF'S Lawyer!

To say that JUSTICE must be blind
Is but a LIBEL most unkind,—
She swings a sword in front, behind,
To scare both JUDGE and LAWYER!

He helps us in our time of need
From cruel WRONG or faulty DEED—
Let's not forget he has to feed—
FEE well your faithful Lawyer!

SONG OF THE "DRUMMER."

I SING you the song of the "drummer" bold,
Who sighs for the comforts of home;
But goods must be bought, and goods must be sold
And therefore the "drummer" must roam!

CHORUS—

All aboard going East! all aboard going West!
Is the cry that I often hear;
And my hobby, I confess, is to travel by express,
And of accidents I have no fear!

I'm happy and gay to "spot a live town,"
Where business is "booming," you know!
While humming a song my "samples" lay down,
And manage to make "a good show!"—CHORUS.

When customers come I welcome them all
To "sample rooms" in my hotel;
I'm proud to see them, and they like to call,
I treat all my patrons so well!—CHORUS.

I live "by the way," yet fare very well,
Some flirting I do if I can!
Of these escapades I'm not going to tell,
For that is not down in my plan.—CHORUS.

In commerce and trade it is hard to compete,
Quotations are "'way down below;"
When I "take the road," I'm not to be beat,
Good orders I always can show!—CHORUS.

THE "NAMELESS" WRITER.

AN open foe we need not fear,
But watch his tactics far or near,
And make him pay for errors dear,
As suits law's reason;
But "nameless" writers oft get clear,
Though full of treason!

His pen is dipp'd in venom'd gall,
His poison'd darts are sharp and small,
His heart—if one he has at all—
Is Virtue's sligher;
The meanest coward since the Fall,—
The "nameless" writer.

He may be fair before your face,
And seem possess'd of every grace,
Till confidence in him you place,
This hidden smiter;
Infinite wisdom scarce could trace
The "nameless" writer.

He whispers oft where zephyrs blow
An innuendo soft and low,
Some reputation to o'erthrow,
The base backbiter;
With eloquence his phrases flow,
The "nameless" writer!

We surely cannot be to blame,
When such address us without name,
To set their "scribblings" in a flame,
 These cowardly fighters!
They play a base, unequal game,
 The "nameless" writers!

LIFE'S PROGRESS.

DOWN the mountains, down the hills,
 Trickling on for ever;
Gentle springs make little rills,
 Little rills the river.

Rivers rolling to the sea
 Lose themselves in ocean,
Bearing on their bosoms free
 Noble ships in motion.

Such is life, a constant change,
 Still from small to greater;
Let us learn the lesson strange
 Taught by our Creator:

Life is giv'n for noble ends,
 Lofty thoughts and actions,
Winning to our bosom—friends
 Gain'd in life's transactions.

Ah! soon we'll reach life's ocean strand,
 Just like the mighty river,
Safe in the hollow of that Hand
 Which holds the seas for ever.

TO THE PANSY.

O H, Pansy! with the velvet hue,
And spots of gold, and pearly dew;
How gracefully you hang your head,
Scarce rais'd above your humble bed.

I love you for your queenly grace,
Your happy smile, your winsome face;
In sweet retreats you love to dwell,
And lend the vale thy beauty-spell.

Sweet emblem of a "heart at ease,"*
Thy form my inmost fancies please;
In quiet beauty you excel
All other flowers in wood or dell.

Thou mightest well be Flora's queen,
If thou wouldst let thy charms be seen;
And seek to vie with other flowers
That deck with beauty kingly bowers.

But thou art wise to grace the spot
Where God has cast thy humble lot;
And there, secure from rude alarms,
Display thy modest, winsome charms!

When I look up from thee to God,
And see His glory in the sod,
My heart in sweet tranquility
Would learn from thee "HUMILITY!"

* This flower is sometimes called "Heart's-ease."

MYSTERY!

BIRTH of a soul! what mystery
Enwraps thy silent history,—
In dumb amaze
We stand and gaze,
Own baffled with thy mystery!

Oh, Love! thou art a mystery,
Yet old as earth's dim history,—
From birth till death
We feel thy breath,
Oh, wistful, blissful mystery!

Oh, Life, thou art a mystery!
Each living soul a history
Of hopes and fears,
Of joys and tears,—
An ever-present mystery!

Oh, heart of man! thy history
Is oft enshrin'd in mystery,—
Yet God can scan
The heart of man
And flood with light its mystery.

Oh, Death! thou art a mystery,
Who knows thy after-history?
From heaven or hell
None come to tell
The living of thy mystery.

Oh, Life beyond! Oh, mystery!
We yet shall know thy history,—
So live each day,
That, come what may,
Our souls shall fear no mystery.

Oh, realms of bliss! what mystery
Enshrouds thy sphere and history,—
No finite eyes
Can pierce the skies
To scan thy blissful mystery.

Oh, God! Thou art a mystery,
Thy love a world's history,—
Most humbly we
Shall worship Thee,
Till Thou shalt solve all mystery!

IN THE SUNSHINE.

OH! we never miss the sunshine
Till the storm-clouds roll apace,
And we value not the dear one
Till we see the cold dead face;
Oh! our hearts are seldom melted
Till the voice is hushed and still
Of the lov'd one we have walked with
Up the pathway of life's hill!

Let us linger in life's sunshine
Till the last glad ray departs,
Let the twilight and the dawning
Link the closer trusting hearts;

Then each morrow will be brighter
For the sunshine that hath been,
And life's burden be the lighter
For the sympathies between.

Oh! to speak some words of kindness
In the ear of human woe,
Is like eyes to stony blindness
Of the groping ones below;
Ah! the touch of tender fingers
On our throbbing brows of pain,
Is the sweet of life that lingers,
Ere we turn to earth again!

A LESSON FROM THE CLOCK.

TICK, tick, tick, tick,
Time flies so quick,
With never ceaseless motion;
Our moments pass
Like sands in glass,
Or wavelets of the ocean.

Thus moments go,
For weal or woe,
And none returneth ever;
How mindful we
Should ever be
To spend with wise endeavour.

The life of man
Is but a span,
Short, transient, and fleeting;
With here and there
A joy or care,
A parting or a meeting.

Then let each hour,
Like beauteous flower,
Some fragrance send to Heaven;
To God above,
In grateful love,
Let ransomed powers be given.

HOW TO VOTE.

LET every man that has a vote,
Vote for "Progress!"
Not for party, peace, or pleasure,
Not for favor, fame, or treasure,
Vote for every honest measure,—
Vote for "Progress!"

Vote as if your vote might carry—
Vote for "Progress!"
Franchise is a gift from heaven,
Sacred trust to manhood given,
Be not like dumb cattle driven,—
Vote for "Progress!"

Vote for men above suspicion—
Men of "Progress!"
No! not wire-pullers! nay, forsooth,

But men who from their early youth,
Lov'd Justice, Honour, God, and Truth,—
Fought for "Progress!"

That man who sells his vote for gold
Should be a slave!
What! sell thy birthright for a bribe,
And kinship claim with Esau's tribe,
Such meanness we can scarce describe,—
Both fool and knave!

Vote for your country, God, and home,
And for "Progress!"
Don't say—"Let well enough alone!"
But kick aside each stumbling-stone;
As if this land were all your own,—
Vote for "Progress!"

TWO POOR ORPHAN BOYS.

GOD help poor orphans, for they need
Our Father's watchful care indeed;
Out in the cold wide world alone,
Where strangers speak with freezing tone;
With none to take them to their heart,
Or dry the burning tears that start
From sunken eyes and hollow cheek,
Which want, neglect, and hunger speak.

Two years ago their father died,
And soon their mother, by his side
In one cold grave was laid at rest,
And join'd the everlasting blest;

The greatest pain she felt at death
Was whisper'd with her dying breath:
"God keep my boys when I am gone,
Poor, helpless orphans, all alone!"

Ah! how they struggl'd for their bread,
And oft went supperless to bed;
And, sometimes, neither bed nor board
Their scanty pittance could afford.
Oft in the storm, and snow, and sleet,
They travell'd on with cold, wet feet,
And sought that kindly passers-by
Would pity the poor orphan's cry!

Sometimes a crossing neatly swept,
By one at either end was kept,
Where, now and then, an honest cent
Was earned by them with great content.
As long as work is brisk they feel
No evil tempting them to steal,
Or beg, or whine, or seem dismay'd,
Or of their lot feel half afraid.

Dear Christian people, help such boys,
Who little know of earthly joys:
Do speak to them with kindly tone,
And make the orphan's cause your own;
Try if your purse can spare a cent—
Or e'en a dime—to God 'tis lent,
And make their sad and painful lot
By kindness almost half forgot!

THE POWER OF SONG.

THE poet's heart is ever young,
His thoughts are light and gay;
To Nature's praise his harp is strung
In sweetest harmony.

The minstrel's soul is all aflame
With passion's holy fire;
He courts the Muse in love's sweet name,
And kindles with desire.

He joins the children in their play,
And pleases them with song;
He soothes them off to sleep away,
With lullabies of song.

His heart is touch'd with others' woe
In deepest sympathy:
His tears with theirs together flow
In tuneful symphony.

For tyrant-threats he hath no fear,
But wages bitter strife
With all that dares to interfere
With liberty and life.

The soldier on the tented field
Feels that his cause is strong,
For Freedom's enemy must yield
Before the Patriot's song.

The sailor on the stormy sea
Beguiles the hour with song,
As, whistling for the winds so free,
He steers his bark along.

The reapers by the waving corn
Doth make the welkin ring,
And when the harvest home is borne
The harvest-song they sing.

The power of song to stir the soul,
Or soothe the human heart,
Is felt by man from pole to pole,
Or distant isles apart.

Like notes from Heaven's angelic choir,
Or herald-angel's song,
Our minstrels, with poetic fire,
The echoes still prolong!

LAUGHING.

OH, how I love the hearty laugh
That rings with a merry peal!
The outcome of some witty "chaff,"
Which makes one cheerful feel;
A laugh which almost racks the jaw,
A regular side-splitter!
In which all join with "loud guffaw,"
And nothing in't that's bitter!

I love when children laugh outright,
And shout in their playful glee,
When all run out to see the sight,
Or join in the sport so free!

A laugh that knows not care or ill,
The frolicsome laugh of fun!
Which speaks of naught but right good-will,
As they skip, and laugh, and run!

I hate the haughty laugh of scorn,
From the dudish fops called "*men*,"
Who sneer at worth if humbly born,
And smile at "*the upper ten*!"
Whose empty laugh shows lack of brain,
Their language devoid of wit,
Their greatest feat to "*twirl a cane*,"
Or display a "*perfect fit*!"

QUIT NAGGING!

QUIT nagging!—'tis a mean contemptible
sport,
Whose poison-tipp'd arrows fly straight from
Hell's fort,
Ah! many true hearts are embittered for life,
By the thoughtless nag-nagging of husband or
wife!

Quit nagging!—'tis just like the fool and his gun,—
"Didn't know it was loaded!"—"fired only in
fun!"

But the life of a friend may thus be cut short,—
Words may cut like a sword tho' uttered in sport.

Quit nagging!—kind words are more easily said,—
Remembered long after the speaker is dead,—
The heart that loves most is soonest heart-broken,
And droops like a flower by hasty words spoken.

Quit nagging!—or Time may bring tears of regret,
 For words said in temper you cannot forget;
 True hearts may be cheered that by anguish are
 torn,
 Through falsehood, neglect, cruel nagging, or
 scorn!

Quit nagging!—man's lot is at best full of care,
 Our duty to each is life's burden to share;—
 Give flowers to the living and not to the dead,
 Then God's richest blessings shall fall on your
 head.

AN HONEST MAN.

“An honest man is the noblest work of God.”—*Burns.*

SHEW me the man of true and honest heart,
 Who, for the sake of gain, will not depart
 From paths of rectitude, and then I can
 Shew you God's noblest work—

An honest man!

Temptation's darts do not disturb his mind,
 True to himself he's true to all mankind,
 By honest toil he earns whate'er he can,
 And proves himself to be—

An honest man!

Truth is his watchword—lips that speak no guile,
 His face illumin'd with an honest smile,
 Looks eye to eye with ours, nor fails to scan
 The traits and signs which mark—

The honest man!

God bless the honest man whose bosom thrills
With love and sympathy for other's ills,
And "robs" himself of ease if so he can,
With woman's tenderness, display—
"The man!"

The world is full of sin, and vice, and crime,
But honesty will stand the test of time;
Truth, Virtue, Charity, shall lead the van,—
God's name is honour'd by—
The honest man!

THE LITTLE NEWSPAPER BOYS.

TWO little brothers left their home
One cold, bleak winter's day,
All round the city streets to roam,
But not in childish play.

They on a noble errand went,
An honest dime to gain,
By selling papers—well content
To brave the sleet and rain.

One, ten years old, was brother "Bill,"
And six years old was "Jack;"
They trudged along with right good-will,
Though business was quite slack!

Yet bravely shouts the elder boy:
"My papers! who will buy?"
And at each sale a smile of joy
Lights up each cheerful eye.

The weary hours of night wore past,
The steeple clock struck Nine:
One bun between them eased their fast,
But Jack began to pine.

“Oh! Bill, I’m tired and sleepy now,
I’ll sit down here and rest;”
And soon the cold and chilly brow
Dropp’d feebly on his breast.

His brother Bill, with courage high,
More energy display’d,
“The latest news!” did loudly cry,
Not daunted or afraid.

Yet, now and then, dear little Jack
Would look with tearful eye
On brother Bill, as he came back
To tell him—“not to cry!

“I’ve nearly sold them all now, Jack,
There’s only three to sell;
When they are sold, high on my back
I’ll ride you home pell-mell!”

At last their merchandise was gone,
Ten cents was fairly won!
And Bill knelt down to help Jack on
His back, for the home-run!

Dear Christian people, help such boys
To earn an honest cent,
They little know of earthly joys,
And yet seem well content!

"DEAR LITTLE WIFIE!"

These were the last words of the Prince Consort, the husband of our beloved Queen, as she knelt by his bedside, soothing his last moments by her kindly care and caresses, while he lay dying of a fever. ;

"MY dear little wifie!" he feebly said,
As she helped to pillow his fever'd head,
And their eyes then met in a last fond look,
Ere the light of earth his eyes forsook;
And she wept, although she was England's Queen,
What a touching tribute, this deathbed scene!

Ah! there yet shall come such another day,
When our widowed Queen shall pass away;
Two hearts that on earth were sorely riven
Shall be knit again in the joys of heaven;
Reward shall be hers for those widowed years,
And her grave be wet with a nation's tears!

THE KNIGHTS OF LABOUR.

A POWER has risen in the land,
Who work together hand-in-hand,
A noble, energetic band,—
The Knights of Labour.

Monopoly must not control
The labour market, heart and soul,
And seek to pay with meagre dole
The Knights of Labour.

Let man to man this maxim tell:
"He doeth right who worketh well,
And ought to best advantage sell
His wealth of labour!"

Though wealth be strong, yet right is might,
And victory shall crown the right,—
All honour to your noble fight,
Brave Knights of Labour!

While enterprise we will respect,
Our rights we never shall neglect;
All tyranny we must reject
While Knights of Labour!

GOD'S PROVIDENCES.

TWO letters came by post one day,
From foreign lands apart;
One—full of joy as children's play—
The other chill'd a heart;
First told of fortune, hope and love,
In youth's impassion'd breath;
The other, of a child belov'd,
Now cold and still in death!

Two ships left port with fav'ring gale,
Both homeward-bound were they,
Together side-by-side they sail,
But drift apart each day:—
One with the trade-winds swiftly flew,
And safely reach'd the shore;
The other's fate none ever knew—
'Twas never heard of more!

Two planks out on the ocean drear,
A thousand leagues apart,
Drift aimlessly—now far, now near,—
Like many a human heart
Out on life's ever-changing tide,
Where winds and waters roar;
One day they touch and, side-by-side,
Link fortunes to the shore!

And such is life! no man can tell
His fortune—good or ill;
God doeth all things wisely well
His glory to fulfill;
Our ship is on life's stormy sea
Its mysteries to explore,—
Let God our chosen Captain be,
He'll steer us safe to shore!

TO THE FOUR WINDS OF HEAVEN.

OH! cold NORTH WIND from the Polar seas,
Thy breath congeals lake, brook, and river;
You strip the leaves from the tallest trees,
And make them bend, and sigh, and quiver!

Oh! blow, SOUTH WIND from the coral strand,
Thy breath is sweet with the flowers' perfume;
Thrice welcome thou to our cold North land,
To cheer our hearts with the rose's bloom!

Oh! blow, EAST WIND, with thy favouring gales,
To speed our ships from the mother-lands;
And glad our eyes with the full-blown sails,
That bring to our shores brave hearts and hands.

Oh! blow, WEST WIND, with thy fresh, strong
breeze,

Prepare our frames for the frost and snow;
Shake down the ripe fruits from off the trees,
And tinge our cheeks with health's ruddy glow!

God tempers the winds for life or death,
As over the earth they sweeping go;
He speaks in the zephyr's balmy breath,
As well as when loudest tempests blow.

LIFE'S BRIGHTER SIDE.

'TIS better to smile than to frown,
'Tis better to laugh than to cry;
Then, don't let your spirits get down,
And never say "fail" tho' you die!

Though trouble like mountains arise,
And fortune seems hard to attain,
Look hopefully up to the skies,
For sunshine will come after rain.

Those taught in adversity's school
Are braver and better by far;
The cowardly man, as a rule,
Is not to be trusted in war.

A brave heart is sure to succeed,
The weak one will go to the wall;
And God will assist those indeed
Who help themselves up when they fall.

If in love affections are bent,
And wooing is met with disdain,
Bear up with apparent content,
And time will restore you again!

The world is more full of joy
Than most people care to admit;
If usefully time you'll employ,
Life's trials won't hurt you a bit!

ROSEDALE.

TORONTO'S SYLVAN SUBURB.

BONNIE Rosedale! I must sing
Of thy beauty rare,
By thy stream meandering
Through thy valleys fair;
Thou art truly Nature's book
Bound in living green,
Hill and dale and quiet nook—
Home of Flora's queen.

Here the swallows first appear
Telling us of spring,
Early snow-drops seek to cheer—
Birds to build and sing!
Here the young leaves first embower
Thy fairy-like ravine,
First to bud and last to flower
Nature here is seen.

Sweet to walk thy leafy glade
'Neath the silver moon,
There the lover and the maid
Find their hearts in tune
To the music and the words
Of a lover's dream,
To the singing of the birds
And the whispering stream.

Bonnie Rosedale! sweet retreat
From the city's din,
From its toil, and dust, and heat,
Let me enter in;
There to revel in thy beauty,
Wreaths of praise entwine,
Gather strength for toil and duty,
At thy sylvan shrine!

HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

HAPPY childhood, full of smiles,
All the livelong day;
Winsome ways and cunning wiles,
Ever fond of play.

How our hearts with pleasure beat,
Feeling young and gay;
When we see them on the street,
Sadness flies away!

Care or sorrow hath no part
In life's early day,
Thine the light and happy heart,
Singing merrily!

Like the flowers of early Spring
 O'er the meadows cast,
 Sweetness to our hearts they bring,
 Dear mem'ries of the past.

But the future, who can tell
 What their lot may be?
 God, who doeth all things well,
 Keep them pure and free!

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

COME, Knights of Pythias, all combine,
 Let Friendship, Truth, and Love entwine;
 Our noble deeds, with one accord,
 Shall conquests make that shame the sword!

CHORUS.—Come, join together heart and hand,
 United we shall ever stand;
 Encircle earth by sea and land,
 With Friendship's loving golden band!

Our Order stands the test of time,—
 A foe to falsehood, want, and crime;
 A band of brothers, brave and free,
 The "Golden Rule" our only plea!

CHORUS.—Come join, etc.

The widows' and the orphans' cause
 Are part and parcel of our laws;
 We help the needy, shield the weak,
 And words of sympathy we speak.

CHORUS.—Come join, etc.

Should dire Oppression's iron hand
Be laid upon our native land,
Our swords shall strike the tyrant low,
And Freedom smile at every blow!

CHORUS.—Come join, etc.

SOAP-BUBBLES.

WHAT a happy holiday,
Brothers Jack and Will at play;
Blowing bubbles light as air,
Chasing them o'er stool and chair!
As they blow, each ruddy cheek
Happiness and joy bespeak;
Each the other tries to "chaff"—
Hard to blow when forc'd to laugh!

Little "pussy" likes the fun,
Swift across the floor to run,
When they break across her eyes,
Gets "her back up" in surprise!
Tasting soap in mouth and nose,
Sniffing to a corner goes;
Till another tempts her out,
Once again to run about!

Mamma hears the noisy din,
Slyly at the door peeps in;
But she loves to see them play,
Happy in their joy alway!

Swift a thought across her mind
Utterance finds in words so kind:—
Ah! my boys, a moral see
From the bubbles light and free:

Empty bubbles, light as air,
For a moment bright and fair;
Some ascend like stars to heaven,
Some to swift destruction driven;
If thou would'st escape each snare,
Guard thy life with constant prayer;
God will waft thee to the skies,
Float thee into Paradise!

YACHTING SONG.

SEE the "white caps" dance o'er the sparkling
bay,

With a fresh strong breeze from the West;
Let us weigh the anchor and sail away,
For our joy is the wave's white crest!

CHORUS—

Oh, ho! yah, ho! away we go,
Like a gull o'er the bounding wave!
With sails trim set from stern to bow—
Yachting is the sport of the brave!

Let us sing the songs of the brave and free
As we merrily glide along,
And waken the echoes along our lee
While we carol our yachting song!

CHORUS.—Oh, ho! yah, ho! away we go, etc.

As we leave the bay for the open lake
Our hearts seem to swell with the tide,
Yet no fear have we though the billows break
O'er our craft on the windward side!

CHORUS.—Oh, ho! yah, ho! away we go, etc.

We seek no danger, yet we fear no fate,
As we bend to the squall or gale;
And are happy as kings who ride in state,
While we spread every inch of sail!

CHORUS.—Oh, ho! yah, ho! away we go, etc.

“OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.”

WHEN thy friend turns false and vain—
Overcome evil with good,
Thou may'st win him back again—
Overcome evil with good;
Coals of kindness on his head
Woundeth more than molten lead,
For the Word of God hath said—
Overcome evil with good!

When a brother treats thee ill—
Overcome evil with good,
Let him have of wrath his fill—
Overcome evil with good;
You may o'er him cast a spell—
An answer mild will rage dispel;
God is Judge—He doeth well—
Overcome evil with good!

When ingratitude doth sting—
 Overcome evil with good,
 God can balm from venom bring—
 Overcome evil with good;
 He who marks the sparrow's fall,
 Listens to His children's call,
 Tell Him—though He knows it all—
 Overcome evil with good!

Some day trials will be o'er—
 Overcome evil with good,
 Pride and falsehood be no more—
 Overcome evil with good;
 In that home beyond the sky,
 We shall there see eye-to-eye,
 Never heave another sigh,
 EVIL OVERCOME WITH GOOD!

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

A—B,—C,—D,—E,—F,—G,
 That's "*the scale*," as you may see;
 On the "*lines*" and in the "*space*,"
 Each in order you may trace!

CHORUS.—A,—B,—C,—D,—E,—F,—G,
 A musician I would be;
 Oh, it is such merry fun
 Up and down "*the scale*" to run!

E,—G,—B,—D,—F,—on "*lines*,"
 Learn by sight the useful signs;
 F,—A,—C,—E,—in the "*space*,"
 Don't forget the spelling—FACE!

CHORUS.—A, B, C, D, E, F, G, etc.

Notes are simply "*signs*" you see,
 Round and black as black can be;
 From the perfect number "*seven*,"
 Each its proper place is given!

CHORUS.—A, B, C, D, E, F, G, etc.

"*Sharps*" and "*flats*" some patience need,
 If at music you'd succeed;
 But "*sweet melody*" is there,
 When you take great pains and care!

CHORUS.—A, B, C, D, E, F, G, etc.

Soon my little friend may try
 Something greater by-and-by,
 If her teacher she obeys,
 And remembers all he says!

CHORUS.—A, B, C, D, E, F, G, etc.

Just be patient—never fret,
 Or into a passion get;
 Else "*a discord*" you will make,
 Which would be "*a great mistake!*"

CHORUS.—A, B, C, D, E, F, G, etc.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

NOT where deadly bullets rattle
Is the only hero-ground,
Nor upon the field of battle
Are the most of heroes found;
There are lives, pure, noble and great,
Yet we never hear their name,
Martyrs to duty—yet their fate
Illumes not the page of fame!

In the daily struggle for bread
There are scenes of direst woe,
The aching heart and throbbing head
Doth company keep, we know;
Life's great battle goes bravely on,—
We hear but a smothered sigh,
The cross is kiss'd—the crown is won—
As the vanquish'd heroes die!

Labour's pay is meagre and scant,
The poor are but slaves to wealth;
The hardest wrought know most of want,—
May starve when broken in health;
Dives still looks at the palace gate
Where Lazarus moaning lies,
Nor seeks to ease his brother's fate—
Through neglect and want he dies!

Oh! there are lives so fraught with grief
And the sum of human woe,
In sleep alone is found relief
From the cares that overflow;

Yet on they plod from day to day,
Treading the Slough of Despond,
Hoping 'gainst hope—but to give way
To the aching void beyond!

Oh! for the Heaven beyond earth's cares,
The love that dispels our fears,
God's answer to our fervent prayers
And the Hand that wipes all tears; .
The more of trial on earth we know
The greater our joy in Heaven,
Our empty hearts shall then o'erflow—
The crown for the cross be given!

WHAT SHALL I SING?

SING a merry, happy lay,
Bright as Summer's golden day,
When the hours fly swift away,
Oh! sing of these to me!

Sing of birds, and bees, and flowers,
Sing of Flora's lovely bowers,
Sing of early childhood's hours,
Oh! sing of these to me!

Sing the songs that touch the heart,
Causing tears of joy to start,—
Sing of friends that never part,
Oh! sing of these to me!

Wooing like the gentle dove,
Sing of happiness and love,
Sing of brighter joys above
Oh! sing of these to me!

Sing of these, and I shall sing,
As if borne on angel's wing
To the presence of the King,
There evermore to be!

HIS ONLY PAIR OF PANTS.

COME here, you little rag-a-muffin!
I'll give your ears a right good cuffin'!
I do declare,
Your only pair
Are torn again, an' fit for nuffin'
But nails, an' twine, an' marbles' stuffin'!
Your nut-brown knees,
By climbin' trees,
Have made some rents as big's a muffin,
An' yet you say, "*It's done by nuthin'!*"

Come, shed your pants this very minnit,
Until I put some stitches in it!
Boys will be boys,
No matter how;
An' as for noise,
Losh! what a row
They do kick up from morn' till night,
An' tease, an' squeeze, an' quarr'l, an' fight!
An' that's the way,
'Most every day,
Your pants at knees and seat are bursted,
Tho' made o' strongest kind o' worsted!
If they were made,
As oft I've said,

Of half-inch, solid, well-tann'd leather,
I'm sure I don't know if they'd weather
 Such sad abuse,
 An' constant use,
An' hold your restless limbs together
Without the 'tention o' your mither!

See, there, my stars! your pants are patch'd,
With scarce an inch o' cloth that's match'd!
 Now, put them on,
 An' get to school,
But, mind you, John,
 I've made a rule:—
If you come back like that again,
An' from your climbin' don't refrain,
 I'll turn you oot,
 Without a suit,
To wander in the wind and rain,
An' dare you to come back again,
 An' then, my lad,
 You will be glad
To take more pains to save your knees,
When climbin' fences, posts, and trees,
An' me the tendin' o' your wants,
To patch your "only pair o' pants!"

"IS THIS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

"**I**S this life worth living?" you ask:
 Perhaps not—to those who repine,
And murmur at life's daily task,
 Commencing each day with a whine!

The cowards who fret at their lot,
And listlessly pass time away,
Are not worth the "six-by-three plot,"
Or the shroud that'll wrap their dead clay!

Yes, life is worth living! thank God!
To those who are honest and true;
Who smile at misfortune, and plod
Till success doth crown them anew!

Oh! life is God's blessing to man,
Though ever so humble our lot;
Let each do the good that he can,—
'Tis better to "wear out" than rot!

Then, let not a murmur be heard,
Let duty encompass each hour;
Thank God for the life that is spar'd,—
In labour is honour and power!

RESIGNED.

I NEVER pass the burial-place
Where our wee Gracie lies,
But think I see her bonnie face
Peek at me from the skies!

I fix around her little mound
And think she knows I'm there,
I kneel upon the sacred ground,
And lisp her evening prayer!

Her little hymn I then repeat
 With accents all her own,
 We seem to meet at Jesus' feet,
 And linger near His throne!

The sun sinks golden in the west,
 Sweet flowerets close their eyes,
 The flitting swallows seek their nest,
 Stars peep from out the skies!

She sleeps within her narrow cot,
 Safe "tucked in" from the night;
 Resigned, I leave the solemn spot:
 "God doeth all things right!"

ONE BY ONE.

Lines affectionately dedicated to bereaved parents
 whose children were called from them one by one.

LIFE is but the school of Heaven,
 Lessons here to learn,
 And the Master rules hath given—
 High promotion earn;
 One by one, in love, He lendeth
 Children to our care,
 Marvel not, then, if He sendeth
 For His lov'd ones fair.

One by one your dear ones gather
 Round the Father's throne,
 Murmur not, then, mother, father,
 He but calls His own;

Gone are they from earth's great sorrow,
Gone from pain and tears,
Gone from each untried to-morrow,
Gone from doubts and fears.

One by one the raindrops falleth
On the thirsty land,
One by one the ripe fruit falleth
In the Master's hand,
One by one, we too, must follow
When our work is done;
And His voice calls o'er the hollow,
"Come home!" one by one!

TOBOGGANING SONG.

'TIS "Hurrah! hurrah!" and away they go,
Like an avalanche o'er the crispy snow!
With a rush and a bound they clear the ground,
While the snow, like spray, dashes all around!
They think not of death,
Yet they hold their breath,—
Now in a hollow!—now cresting a hill!—
There, guiding the craft to prevent "a spill!"
See! the fresh warm blood to their faces rush,
As they peep from their robes with roses' blush!
In the clear moonlight,
What a happy sight,—
As the maiden clings with a tender fear
To the kind loving arm that holds her near!
Through the clear cold air of the frosty night

The twinkling stars seem to dance with delight!
With speed of the wind—
Leaving all behind—
They rush to the plain with a shout of glee,
As merry and happy as hearts could be!

THE GOLDEN RULE.

SPEAK a kind word when you can,—
Kind words cost but little;
This is far the better plan, —
Human hearts are brittle.

Life is all too short for strife,
Peace and love are golden;
For they serve to lengthen life,
So say sages olden!

Let us lend a helping hand
To each weary brother,
Are we not a pilgrim band
Bound to one another?

Our reward shall greater be
When we get to Heaven,
If to duty faithfully
We have daily striven!

Life to us is like a school
Where our good behaviour
Should be as "the Golden Rule"
Taught us by our Saviour:—

“Do to others as you would
That they should do to you;”
Then shall we be truly good,
And life's regrets be few!

SABBATH CHIMES.

DINGLE, dingle dong!
Hear the happy song:
Come away,
Sabbath day,
Join the holy throng.

Come, both old and young,
Come, the weak or strong,
Dingle dong!
Happy song,
Cheering us along,

Children, young and fair,
Seeking God in prayer,
Voices raise,
In His praise,
Feeling God is there.

Plainly all may see,
Happy hearts have we,
God above,
Full of love,
Keep us near to Thee!

TO-MORROW!

LIFE'S lessons from the past we borrow,—
To-day is ours, but not to-morrow;
Then, smile to-day, leave care and sorrow
One day a-head, say—" *Yes, to-morrow!*"

Make friends to-day for use to-morrow,
They'll help to drive away dull sorrow;
And from their friendship sweetness borrow
To bless each day and crown each morrow.

Make love to-day!—make more to-morrow!
You'll have to spare when others borrow!
'Twill be an antidote to sorrow
Should it perchance arise—to-morrow!

"To-morrow never comes," but each "to-day,"
Links out life's chain from cradle to decay!

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL INFANT CLASS.

SIXTY little smiling faces,
All in their accustomed places;
Each a happy household's treasure,
Teaching them a perfect pleasure.

Sixty pairs of eyes, whose gladness
Shews no trace of care or sadness,
Are fix'd on me with glances bright,
Like twinkling orbs of purest light.

Sixty voices in a chorus:
"Childhood's years are passing o'er us;"
May those years to God be given,
Walking in the way to Heaven.

Hopeful hearts are rais'd in pray'r,
Craving God's peculiar care;
Waiting for the children's blessing,
Faith and love their hearts possessing.

Childish words, brimful of trust:
"Jesus, Thou canst make us just,"
May we now and ever share
In our Father's watchful care."

How they listen to the story
Of redeeming love and glory:
That Jesus took the sinner's place,
In boundless love and matchless grace.

Simple words and illustration,
Suited to their humble station;
"Line upon line" they learn to know
The Word of God, and wiser grow.

Their minds, thus stor'd with heavenly
truth,
Will fence them from the snares of youth,
And thus a safe foundation lay
To lead them through life's rugged way.

Oh, blessed are the children dear
Who love the Lord, and in His fear
Do walk in His most holy way
That leads to everlasting day:

And blessed is the teacher's part,
To educate the infant heart;
A Saviour's love to them unfold,
Truths ever new and never old!

THE ABSENT SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

OH! children dear,
She is not here,
Your teacher loving and true;
But gone above,
Where all is love,
Waiting and watching for you.

For you her tears,
And pray'rs, and fears,
Will not have been spent in vain;
If lessons taught
Are not forgot,
You shall meet with her again!

In that bright land,
At God's right hand,
Where Jesus shall claim His own,—
With smiling face,
Appoint a place
Around His glorious throne.

Oh! happy land,
Thrice happy band,
Beside the shining river;
In Jesus' praise
Your voices raise
In songs that last for ever!

THE "LOVES" OF AN INFANT-CLASS
SCHOLAR.

I love to hear the school-bell ring,
I love to hear the children sing;
I love to see the house of pray'r,
I love to *know* that God is there.

I love to see my teacher's face,
All beaming with a heavenly grace;
I love to make my teacher glad,
When naughty children make her sad.

I love to read my Bible true,
I love my Father's will to do;
I love to *feel* my sins forgiv'n,
I love to think of God and Heav'n.

I love to learn the heavenly way,
In Sabbath-school—on Sabbath day;
I love to bring my playmates there,
I love my lessons to prepare.

I love my mother—oh, so dear!
I love my father's heart to cheer;
I love my brothers, kind and true,
I love my own dear sisters too.

I love to think of Jesus mild,
And how He loves a little child;
I love to know that "GOD IS LOVE,"
And smiles on me from Heav'n above.

I love to think that when I die
God waits for me beyond the sky;
And when I reach that "happy land,"
I'll walk with Jesus hand-in-hand!

SHE PAYS HER DEBTS WITH KISSES!

I KNOW a winsome little pet
With wealth of roseate blisses,
Who takes what favours she can get,
And pays her debts with—kisses!

At night when I come home to tea
She bribes me with her "kishes,"
Then plants herself upon my knee
And tastes of all my dishes!

She comes off best in every "trade,"
And seldom ever misses
To catch me in the trap she's laid,
Then "pays me off" with—kisses!

She says she wants a "dolly" nice,
 With long and golden tresses,
 And if I ask her for the price,
 Gives kisses and caresses!

I dearly love this little maid,
 Above all other misses:
 I'll take back every word I've said
 And "trade" with her for—"TISSSES!"

THE NURSERY CLOCK.

TICK, tickaty, tickaty tock,
 I'm only the nursery clock,
 By night and by day,
 I'm wagging away,
 Tick, tickaty, tickaty tock!

How I love when the children play
 In the nursery day by day,
 I can't leave my place,
 Yet know each wee face,—
 Tick sadly when they go away!

When some one is sick in the house,
 I "tick-tick" as quiet as a mouse;
 The girls and the boys
 Make play without noise,—
 There's quietness all over the house!

One night in the year I know well,
The secret I'm going to tell:—
 When Santa Claus comes
 With toys, dolls, and drums,
I tick then as loud as a bell!

I want all the children to hear,
But none of them ever come near,
 So quiet do they keep
 They must be asleep
'Twill never be morning I fear!

I "tick-tick" as fast as I can,
Sixty ticks each minute my plan;
 I'm happy at last,—
 Wee feet running fast,
Quick into my room they all ran!

When Mamma and Pa comes to see
The reason of all this great glee,
 I join in the fun
 Of Christmas begun,
A smile on my face you might see!

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

OH! fathers and mothers,
 Oh! sisters and brothers,
Who freedom and liberty claim,—
 There are dark spots on earth
 Where, as yet, Freedom's birth
Is known to its sons but in name!

There's a horrible trade,
In man, woman, and maid,
Carried on by demons of earth,—
Where, for base love of gold,
The poor Negro is sold,
And borne from the land of their birth!

Hark! a shriek—shrill and wild!
At the death of her child
All mangled, and bleeding, and torn;
'Tis a mother's despair
That has just rent the air—
A slave to the market she's borne!

What a depleted host,
As they march to the coast,
Chain'd, halter'd, and whipp'd as they go:
This accursed slave-trade
Is like Death's cavalcade,
Let free nations deal out its death-blow!

They are hapless and weak,
And their cries to us speak
Of anguish, and sorrow, and pain;
Oh! our God shall look down
On our ease with a frown,
If their cry for our help is vain!

Oh! ye nations of light,
Arise in your might,
This "human-flesh traffic" destroy;
Till that down-trodden race
Shall at last take its place,
'Mong nations of earth with great joy!

THE DYING CHILD.

BESIDE the death-bed of her child
A mother bent in grief,
But to her pain and anguish wild
There came a sweet relief.

The dying child, in accents mild,
And full of tender love,
The silence broke while thus she spoke
Of brighter scenes above:

“Oh, mother dear, you need not fear
Nor fret yourself for me,
Dry from your cheek the falling tear,
I soon shall happy be.

“I soon shall reach that ‘happy land,’
And join that blessed throng,
Who ever stand at God’s right hand
Singing the angels’ song.

“I’ll wait for you and father dear
On that bright, happy shore,
Where death nor sorrow cometh near,
And friends depart no more.

“Then let me go—I must not stay,
I hear my Saviour’s voice;
The angels beckon me away;
And bid my soul rejoice.”

The angels fair have come and gone,
They bore that child away;
Another soul is at the throne,
Here but the lifeless clay.

Oh, friends bereaved, weep not for those
Whom Jesus died to save;
Through Him they conquer'd all their foes
And triumphed o'er the grave!

ON MY FORTIETH BIRTHDAY.

FORTY years of age to-day!
Ah! how time doth pass away;
Like a pleasant summer's day,
Or like children's hours of play!

Now I've reach'd ripe manhood's prime,
Fain would bar the march of time;
Raven locks now tipp'd with grey,
Show the signs of sure decay.

Grateful love my heart doth fill,—
Reach'd the summit of life's hill;
Safe through many an anxious care,
“*Thank Thee, Lord,*” my daily prayer.

Now a-down “life's other side,”
Knowing not what may betide;
Trusting where I cannot trace,
Till I see God face to face!

Let the years, then, come and go,
Fraught with weal or mix'd with woe:
I will trust my Father's love
Till I reach His home above!

THE WORKINGMAN'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

GOD bless the men of means who try
To sweeten labour's cup,
By list'ning to the earnest cry
To lift "the masses up"
Above the drudgery of life,
The needful hours to spare,
A short respite from busy strife,
Sweet Nature's joys to share!

'Twill prove the best investment sure,
These hours to toilers given,
'Twill tend to make them good and pure,
And pave their way to heaven;
Respect and honesty will spring
From hearts made glad and free,
To duty more attention bring,
Thy grateful servants be.

And, then, what pleasure to thy heart,
To mark the happy faces,
As pleasure parties gaily start
For rural, healthy places,

To breathe the sweet pure air of heaven,
 By mountain, lake or river, ¹²₄₄
 And use the means thus kindly given
 As best would please the Giver!

Then give without a grudge or fear
 The boon so much desired,
 The patient wife and children dear
 With hope shall feel inspired;
 Life shall be then worth living for,
 Dull care shall fly away,
 And once a week no cloud shall mar
 Their glad half-holiday!

MOODY'S MEETINGS FOR MEN.

At Toronto, November, 1894.

WHAT a sea of earnest up-turned faces!
 An audience of at least five thousand men
 Are here conven'd in search of God, as when
 In Pentecostal days, and holy places,
 God's chosen servants spake, with tongues of
 fire,

The Spirit's message and God's great desire
 To gather in, from every tribe and race,
 The sons of men that truly sought His face!

Thus here, to-night, God's chosen ones are met
 In prayerful expectation of His grace—
 That ne'er was vainly sought in any place—
 The humblest souls the greatest blessings get!
 God's mercy is as deep, and wide, and free,
 And measureless as the unbounded sea!

PRIDE.

PRIDE is Satan's favourite plant,
A noxious weed infernal;
A passion-flower of waste and want,
To poison souls eternal!

How foolish is the pride of man,
The creature of a day,
Whose life is measur'd by a span,
And then returns to clay!

When first our eyes beheld the light
No claim to pomp had we;
All men are equal in God's sight,
Sustain'd, belov'd, and free!

Our Saviour died for all mankind,
A full and free salvation;
Then why should we be so unkind,
As sneer at dress or station?

The Son of God had humble birth,
Yet now He reigns in Heaven;
Those who oppress the poor on earth
Shall from His throne be driven!

LOVE AND SYMPATHY.

THE balm of sympathy how sweet
In trial's pensive hour,
When wave on wave of sorrows beat,
And clouds of darkness lower,

'Tis then that Friendship's gentle hand
May half our burden share;
'Tis then we fully understand
The love to us they bear.

Oh! Love and Sympathy how dear
To those bow'd down with care;
Thy angel-face dispels our fear,
Makes hearts feel light as air.

Though Ophir's wealth were wholly mine,
All jewels rich and rare,
For love of friends I yet would pine,
And find my treasure there.

Our first experience at birth
Was sympathy and love,
And when at last we leave this earth
We'll find its Source above.

THE HAPPY HEART.

THE happy heart is a fount of joy,
A bubbling spring of pleasure,
'Tis a source of constant sweet employ,
A never-failing treasure:
Ready to smile with the flowers of Spring,
Or sing with the birds of air;
In Nature's praise aye willing to sing,
Finds happiness ev'rywhere.

The happy heart is so full of love
That it speaks in every tone,
And the eyes of love, like stars above,
Have a glory all their own!

Like a beacon-light, in Grief's dark night,
We long for the happy heart,
To shed o'er our pathway, calm and bright,
A light that may not depart.

The happy heart is a gift from Heaven
Above all treasure or gold,
Alike to the rich or poor 'tis given,
It cannot be bought or sold!
The happy heart is the home of love,
A solace for every woe;
Let us cherish this gift from above,
As we seek our peace below.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

LISTEN to the midnight bell,
Tolling out the old year's knell,
O'er our hearts there comes a spell
Such as when we say—"Farewell!"
As we ponder o'er the past,
Eyes are dim and overcast,
Silent falls full many a tear
As we part with thee—Old Year!

Seasons come and seasons go,
Summer's flowers and Winter's snow,
Like the ocean's ebb and flow,—
Joy and pain, and weal and woe!
Birthday greetings—glad and gay—
Wedded hearts were linked for aye,
Not a churchyard but a mound
Tells what reaper Death has found.

Yet we welcome thee, New Year,
And approach thee without fear,
Though we know not what may be
Portion'd out for us in thee;
Let us hope, and watch, and pray,
Growing wiser day by day;
Learning lessons from the past,
As this year may be *our* last!

Though the Old Year now must go,
Shrouded in a sheet of snow!
May the snow an emblem be
Of the New Year's purity!
As our footsteps in the snow
Show the path we wish to go,
May each day our record be—
Coming nearer, God, to Thee!

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

O H, life is like the ocean wide,
With constant ebb and flow;
And we the ships upon its tide,
A-sailing to and fro;
Each steering for some lovely isle
Beyond the setting sun,
Hope on our pathway seems to smile,
As on life's course we run.

Some ships sail well from first to last,
With fair winds all the way,
At last their anchorage is cast
Within some tranquil bay;

While others scarcely leave the shore
Ere dark clouds hover nigh,
And loud the angry tempests roar,
Rude lightnings rend the sky.

But let us trim our sails aright,
No storms shall overwhelm,
If we are brave and do the right,
Let Faith direct our helm;
We'll ride the waves, though mountains high,
And sing our triumph-song,
Until we see the haven nigh
To which our ships belong!

THE BITTER OR THE SWEET.

THE bitter or the sweet of life
Is often ours to choose,
Sweet love is antidote to strife—
The bitter, then, refuse.

Let not the angry word be said,
At home, at work, or play;
Like waters pure from fountain-head
Let smiles cheer up thy way.

Let Mara's bitter waters flow
Alone on deserts wild;
On life's highway, whereon we go,
Let looks and words be mild,

Let wreaths of smiles chase every frown
From God's own image fair;
Then friendship's loving hands shall crown
Thy head with blessings rare.

Now, all along life's rugged way
Let flowers displace the thorn,
And grief and care shall flee away
From hearts that erst were torn!

THE POET'S HERITAGE.

A SOUL with music, love, and song,
To human service giv'n,
Defending right, denouncing wrong,
Revering God and Heaven!

A heart that throbs for other's woe,
And feels for other's pain,—
And in return gets many a blow,
Contumely, and disdain!

A voice that thrills in every tone
With love to God and man,—
Yet carping-critics hiss and groan
To hush it if they can!

His eyes behold God's wondrous plan
In earth, in sea, and sky,—
Misunderstood by sordid man,
He often longs to die!

God walks with him in Edens fair,
Communing with delight,—
Earth clouds him with corroding care,
To put his Muse to flight!

Kind death relieves him from his woes,
Transplants his soul to Heaven,—
Men miss him not till thence he goes,
Their favours then are given!

See! Robert Burns looks down in scorn,
On this terrestrial ball,
Where souls like his are “made to mourn”—
He knew and felt it all!

THE “EIGHT-HOUR” MOVEMENT.

LET the toilers have more leisure,
Listen to their urgent call,
Gain is not the only treasure,
Liberty is sweet to all;
Why should lives be spent in labour,
Early morn till darkness fall?
When, alas! a needy neighbour
Hath no work to do at all!

Why this labour agitation
All along the busy line?
'Tis the groaning of the nation—
Toilers feel they must combine;

Ere their rights have legislation,
Ere their wants shall have redress,
They must band in combination—
Ask their rights—and take no less!

Shorten, then, the hours of toiling,
Thus make work for idle men;
Cease this constant, weary moiling:
EIGHT hours work instead of TEN!
Justice doth exalt a nation,
Right is might, and truth shall stand,
Health is wealth in every station,—
God shall prosper such a land!

THE “DEAD-BEAT.”*

LET’S beware of “the man (?)” who scorns
to work,

Yet dare not refrain from eating!
In the core of his heart doth meanness lurk,
In spite of his bland, fair greeting!

He may talk and look like “a gentleman,”
And dress in the height of fashion;
He’ll “run on credit” wherever he can,
If “dunn’d”—gets into a passion!

He will oft-times talk of religion, too,
And pray with seeming devotion;
He may go to church, yet pay for a pew—
Of that he ne’er had a notion!

* “Dead-beat.” — A well-known American phrase denoting one who is too lazy to work—a loafer!

He carries his head like an English lord,
Though he sometimes tastes of hunger!
He will eat at the widow's frugal board,
And "skip" when she "trusts" no longer!

His heart is devoid of affection dear;—
He'd live off his poor old mother!
And will "sponge" on his friends both far and near,
Claiming each one for a brother!

Oh! out on the man with a heart of stone,
Who knows not the pleasure of giving;
Who will whimper, and whine, and beg, and groan,
"That the world owes him a living!"

He who "will not work" should not dare to eat
The bread of another's earning;
For rather a thousand times sweep the street,
Thereby independence learning!

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

OUR Father—God, His children—we,
No matter where our birthplace be—
'Mid Arctic snows, or torrid clime,
One family since the first of time!

We should not bind our fellow-man,
Though he be yellow, black, or tan;
Or seek to keep him trodden down
By haughty sneer, or cruel frown.

A mother's love, like that of Heav'n,
Alike to all her sons is giv'n,—
All men are free as God's pure air,
And all alike His image bear.

Far better we should ever try
To ease the load, or soothe the sigh;
Each other's burdens kindly bear,
Each other's joys or sorrows share!

How can we pray to God above,
And daily seek His care and love,
Unless our hearts for others' woe
With sympathetic love o'erflow?

JOHN THREE-SIXTEEN!

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John iii.* 16.

A LITTLE boy, some eight years old,—
A friendless orphan waif—
One evening shiver'd in the cold,
And look'd for shelter safe;
But as he tried each snug retreat,
By police was found out,
And often he was cuff'd and beat,
And told to "move about!"

He crept along the cheerless street,
His clothes were thin and wet,
No shoes or stockings on his feet,
No friendly soul he met.

But one—a tender, kindly man—
Who saw his sorry plight,
And thought upon a lucky plan
To shelter him that night.

“My boy!” the stranger kindly said,
In tones that touch’d his heart,
“I’ll tell you where to get a bed
If you will act your part:
Just go to number ten Blank street,
A home for friendless boys,
There you will find a snug retreat,—
Be good—and make no noise!”

“You bet, I’ll only be too glad
To take your kind advice!”
And eager lit were eyes once sad
At thought of home so nice;
He quickly turned his steps to go
To number ten Blank street,
“But,” said the stranger, “you must know
The ‘key’ to that retreat!

“Now, just when you get there, my boy,
You’ll give your name, I ween,
They’ll welcome you with love and joy,
Say—‘I’m John Three-sixteen!’ ”
He almost ran, though cold and wet,
As oft before he’d been;
And mutter’d oft—lest he’d forget—
“I’m John—John Three-sixteen!”

He reached the place, and rang the bell,
The matron got a fright!
“Who that can be I cannot tell
At such a time of night!”
She open’d carefully the door,
And there the waif was seen;
She ask’d if he’d been there before—
“No, I’m John Three-sixteen!”
“‘John Three-sixteen!’ that sounds so queer,
But I’ve heard that before,—
Step out the rain and come in here,
And I will shut the door;
John Three-sixteen! you’re welcome here,
My little homeless one;
‘For God so loved the world,’ my dear,
‘That He gave up His Son!’ ”

SKATING.

I.

O H! for the blue sky, bright and clear,
And the sunshine all around;
With gay companions hovering near,
Skimming o’er the crystal ground
Happy are we,
So glad and free,
Racing!—Chasing!
Away we go,
O’er ice and snow,
Sliding!—Gliding!
Whirling around
The giddy ground,
Madly!—Gladly!

Scudding along before the wind,
 No thought of care have we;
 Leaving the laggards all behind—
 Oh! skating's the sport for me!

II.

Oh! for the hand of one I love
 To guide o'er the glassy sea;
 And press the tiny snow-white glove,
 That struggles not to be free!
 Her eyes of love,
 Like stars above,
 Their light—Makes night
 Seem bright as day!
 Hours fly away
 Lightly!—Brightly!
 In merry fun,
 We laughing run,
 Tripping!—Skipping!
 Then homeward wend our moonlit way,
 Two pairs of skates I carry!—
 And beg of her to name the day
 When skaters two may marry!

KNOX COLLEGE JUBILEE—1844-1894.

KNOX College jubilee. Ring out, glad bell!
 And call thy students in to prayer and praise
 But ah! not all can now their voices raise,
 Or else ten thousand might the chorus swell!
 Some were translated to the courts above,
 For many fill a lonely mission grave,

Where north winds blow or sunny palm trees
wave

A requiem to their martyr-lives of love!

There's scarce a village in this fair domain

Where sons of "sturdy Knox" may not be
found

Among a people doctinated, sound,
As Luther, Calvin, Knox, were 'live again!

May all thy sons be fill'd with zeal and love,
And to their *alma mater* loyal prove.

WHEN JESUS WAS AWAY.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A LITTLE girl, just four years old,
Lay on her dying bed,
Her silken tresses shone like gold—
Seem'd halo round her head;
The early morning sun peep'd in
And lit her pale sweet face—
So angel-like—no trace of sin
Could mar that holy place!

She ope'd her eyes and look'd around,
Smil'd sweetly on her Pa,
And said, in tones of softest sound,
"I want to speak to Ma;
Oh! I had such a lovely dream,
I thought I was in heaven!"
O'er all her face there shone a gleam,
To angels only given!

“Oh! heaven is such a pretty place,
With streets of shining gold,
And Jesus seem'd to know my face,
His arms did me enfold;
I felt so happy, Mamma, dear,
The angels seem'd so too,
I did not have the slightest fear,
Though all was strange and new!”

“And then I woke, yet still I'm here,
So glad to be with you,
But yet I love those angels dear,
Beyond the skies so blue!
*How lone the angels must have been,
When Jesus was away!*
How good He was to bear our sin,
I feel it more to-day!”

A few short days of weary pain
Her dream was realized,
She went to view those scenes again—
To Jesus whom she priz'd;
Engrav'd on stone may now be seen,
Above her lifeless clay:
“*How lone the angels must have been,
When Jesus was away!*”

A lesson here for us within
This simple little lay,
*How lonely must we all have been
Had Jesus stay'd away!*
Oh, let us thank Him day and night
For Calvary's sacrifice,
And wait His call to mansions bright,—
To God and Paradise!

A LOVING TRIBUTE

TO A DECEASED SCOTTISH POET,

THOMAS C. LATTO, NEW YORK.

THE poet lay in solemn state,
 His life-work nobly done,
 Dear friends around him sadly wait
 Till clay and earth are one;
 Ere yet the coffin-lid had sealed
 His form from earthly view,
 A last fond look he needs must yield
 To loved ones leal and true.

Two kindred souls in poet-lore*
 Bent o'er their brother's bier,
 Kinsmen were they from Scotia's shore
 That held her memories dear;
 No childish tears were those they wept
 O'er one they loved so long;
 There, still in death, a brother slept,
 Whose soul went forth in song!

Crerar caress'd the poet's brow,
 Invoking peaceful rest,
 And, with a reverential bow,
 Placed on his comrade's breast
 A sprig of Highland heather green,
 Meet symbol of that heart,
 While tears from many eyes were seen
 In sympathy to start.

*Duncan MacGregor Crerar and John D. Ross.

Deep down in foreign soil now lies
His loyal Scottish dust,
His soul—transplanted to the skies—
Blooms fair among the just;
A Highland welcome greets him there,
To Heaven's eternal rest:—
They see his country's emblem fair
STILL IMAGED OD HIS BREAST!

And sings he yet to all our hearts—
A poet never dies!—
From his reward he never parts,
Glad echoes cleave the skies!
Brave songs of hope, and love, and truth,
From human hearts die never!
And Latto, in eternal youth,
Sings on and on for ever.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lines in memory of Charles Arthur Bird, who was accidentally drowned at Muskoka Mills, September 8th, 1894, aged seven years.

WEEP not, dear mother, for your boy
You loved so well and true,
I've gone where everlasting joy
Remains for me and you,
And all who love the Saviour's name
Will join me soon or late;
So none need cry, or think of blame,
For my untimely fate.

I've heard—"All things shall work for good
To them that love the Lord,"
And trust in Jesus' precious blood,
As stated in God's Word,
So, surely I am better far,
From sin and sorrow free,
Alive and well in yon bright star
You sometimes showed to me.

Some day we shall meet above,
One family in Heaven,
And sing of "Jesus and His love,"
To us in mercy given;
I'll wait for you and father dear,
And welcome one by one,
Till all are gathered safely here
Beyond yon setting sun.

THE DRUNKARD!

"**A**LL RIGHT!" he cried aloud, "*All right!*"
But wiser people said: "He's tight!"
And he seem'd "spoiling for a fight!"
Made mad through cursèd drink.

"*All right!*" he said, as reeling home,
With bloodshot eyes and mouth all foam,
All o'er the sidewalk he doth roam,—
Blind drunk through greed of drink!

"*All right!*" he stumbl'd, swore, and fell,
One awful word he said—'twas "*Hell!*"
Then, surely, he was 'neath its spell,—
Led by the demon—Drink!

Though oft he slipp'd upon the road,
He reach'd at last his poor abode,
There sank he on the floor—a load
Scarce human—craz'd by drink!

His children fled from him in fear,
His wife, heart-broken, dropt a tear,
His very dog it came not near,—
All fear'd him when in drink!

All's wrong!—and yet he says, "*All right!*"
Tho' all his future's dark as night,
Upon his home there seems a blight,—
The consequence of drink!

These are thy fruits, oh, Upas-tree!
Death's fatal draught's distill'd by thee,
Thy victims never can be free,
If lur'd by thee to drink!

Oh, God in Heaven, hear the prayer
Of mothers, wives and children fair,
For lov'd ones driven to despair,—
"*God save them from strong drink!*"

God haste the day when this fair land
Shall Prohibition's law demand,—
When men and women show their hand
By voting 'gainst strong drink.

BURIED IN HER CRADLE.

“The cherry-wood cradle in which Mrs. Ruth Hall, of Willingford, Connecticut, was rocked in when a baby, has, by her own special request, been made into a coffin for that good lady.”—*American Exchange*.

SHE had cross'd the line of three-score and ten,
For her last birthday was seventy-four,
Yet she thought of her childhood's days and when,
As a babe, she was rock'd to sleep once more!
And it seem'd to soothe her—the very thought
That she still had the cradle used of yore,
So out from the lumber-room it was brought,
And she playfully rock'd it on the floor!

The “style” of this cradle was “out of date”—
Nigh a hundred years had it service seen—
It was deep and wide, and its size was great,
As the cribs of the olden time have been!
But many a handsome babe had slept there,
As cosy and warm as infant could be;
While mothers had rocked, oft a fervent prayer
Had been breath'd beside it on bended knee!

See! a big tear drops from her sad blue eye,
As she thinks of the children once she bore,
Who slept in that cradle in years gone by,
But now “rest in peace” on the other shore!
A glow of affection swept over her heart,
As she ponder'd on years of motherly care,
And she felt as if she never could part
With that cherry-wood cradle standing there!

She look'd on the cradle and feebly said:

“We both have grown old together, you see,
I wish from my heart that when I am dead,
A coffin from this might be made for me;
I think I could rest more peacefully there,
The long sleep of death would be sweet to me;
And ‘mother’ would wake me in heaven so fair
With kisses and smiles as it used to be!”

Her wish was granted; her coffin was made

From the cherry-wood crib that used to be;
And in it a pillow of down was laid,

For the head from worry and care set free!
There she looked so calm, and sweet, and still,—
’Mong the flowers and lilies her children
brought;

She seemed so content, for she had her will.--
To sleep in her cherry-wood cradle cot!

SCARBORO' HEIGHTS.

WHERE Lake Ontario's broad expanse
Lies spread before me like a sea,
There do I stand as in a trance
And view a scene that's sweet to me!

CHORUS—

Oh! Scarboro' heights, I love thee well,
Thy flowery dells are dear to me;
'Twas there I met thee, darling Nell,
And vow'd I ne'er would part from thee.

We roam'd the woods in search of flowers,
And found them plenty, fair and free;
Thus pass'd Love's sunny, golden hours,
The fairest flower I found was thee.—CHORUS.

The silver moon rose from the Lake,
The fading sunset grand to see,
A golden ring for Love's sweet sake
Was there and then bestowed on thee.—CHORUS.

The years may come, the years may go,
But mem'ries dear shall never fade,
While blue Ontario's waters flow
We'll ne'er forget the vows we made.—CHORUS.

TO JOHN IMRIE.

From ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE, Toronto.

IMRIE, your lyrics pass the laws of kings
Whose dread decrees but steeled the captive's
heart;
Your home-taught lays a softer power impart,—
Love, joy, and peace, the might that mercy brings:
And, though your muse lack flight of angel's wings
To walk and talk with men is no mean art,
Strong in life's straits, secure against death's
dart,
Attuned to truth, foreprizing hallowed things.
Not of the mockers, nor of those who make
Love's sacrament a feasting, passion-spiced;
Not lucre-thralled, nor cankered with the ache
Of envy; free of almsdeed honour-priced;
Not of the world; but humbly, for His sake,
Striving the nobler manhood after Christ.

In answer to the above.

TO A BROTHER BARD.

DEAR brother bard, a tender chord
Hath been unstrung by thee,
Thy "pen is mightier than the sword,"
And it hath vanquish'd me!
Love is a power to conquer men,
It knoweth not defeat,—
I am the captive of thy pen
And worship at thy feet!

Thou hast a power I never knew
To touch the inner heart,
A gift God giveth to the few
Who choose the better part;
'Tis like the first glint of the morn
That speaks the hopeful day,
You sing—for singing thou wast born—
Thy songs shall ne'er decay!

To speak the fullness of the soul
And sound it forth in songs,
To make the wounded spirit whole
This art to few belongs;
I would not for the gold of earth
Renounce this wealth of love,
That heart enjoys perpetual mirth,
Attun'd to harps above!

Sing on! though humble be thy lot,
Thy recompense is this,—
To cast a halo o'er each spot
Where memory is bliss!

Each truth express'd is like a flower
To cheer some drooping heart,
And cause them bless the heaven-born power
That lent to thee such art!

MORTGAGING THE HOMESTEAD.

Composed on seeing an artistic painting on the above subject, by G. A. Reid, R.C.A., Toronto, on exhibition in a shop window on Yonge Street, Toronto, Canada.

DON'T mortgage the homestead, my brother,
'Tis the greatest mistake of your life,
Take courage, and help one another,
For the sake of your children and wife;
Far better a crust in contentment
Than a mortgage and well-buttered bread,
Don't risk a mortgagee's resentment,
He may yet make you wish you were dead.

Oh, don't mortgage the homestead, my friend,
Rather work like a slave and be free!
You will find this advice in the end
Is the best that a friend could give thee;
Rise bright with the dawn of the morning,
Let sweet hope cheer you on till the eve,
List not to the world's proud scorning,
Let them see that in God you believe.

"Don't mortgage your homestead, my neighbour,
Hark! the voice of your own loving wife:—
We now must dispense with hir'd labour,
Let us pull well together through life;

Our children will soon be a help, dear,
 We'll have no heavy mortgage to pay,
 Let us leave well alone, never fear,
 I will help you by night and by day!"

Don't mortgage your homestead, my brother,
 Do not risk all the savings of years,
 And leave in the hands of another
 What has cost you toil, worry, and tears;—
 Be a man!—your wife will adore you,
 Ne'er give up while you've courage and health,
 You will find this good motto is true:
 'Tis the diligent hand maketh wealth!

ACROSTIC—TO A BROTHER BARD.

THY "Musings in Maoriland," dear friend,
Have filled me with delight; thy songs of love,
On angel-wings, a message thou dost send—
My heart responds to, and our God above
Approves of all that binds man soul-to-soul;
Seas may divide—Love reigns from pole to pole!

Be thine to sing for many years such strains—
Rare songs of Love, and Hope, and Truth divine—
A patriot lives but where true Freedom reigns;
Contentment dwells where Love and Truth en-
 twine!

Kings well might envy such a land as thine—
Each man a bulwark strong, to work and wait
NEW ZEALAND'S future as a nation great!

TO MY COUSIN,

JAMES HAMILTON, ESQ., PARKHEAD,
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

After an absence of a quarter of a century, during which friendly correspondence was regularly maintained between us—"An' sae will we yet!"

JOIN all the graces in one genial soul,
A trinity of virtues—God's first plan,—
Mind, soul, and body under wise control,
Each acting out God's will as best they can:
Such art thou, Cousin,—EVERY INCH A MAN!

Home is to thee a garden of delights,
A field where love and hope hath vernal spring;
Mind over matter hath its daily fights,
Intellect prevails—triumph songs to sing!
Long may thy useful life be spared to twine
True friendly hearts round that dear heart of thine!
One kin in blood, and none less kin in soul,
Nor parted we though seas between us roll!

TO EVAN MCCOLL,

On his 87th Birthday, September 21st, 1894.

THE BARD OF LOCHFYNE!

COME, Scotchmen all! and rally round
Sweet mem'ries o' langsyne,
For in our midst may still be found
The gray Bard o' Lochfyne!

We'll mak' the gloamin' o' his days
Wi' loyal rapture shine,
He sune may gang auld Nature's ways,
The dear Bard o' Lochfyne!

The bonnie hills he lov'd so well,
His sangs describe them fine,
Ower Highland hearts he weaves a spell,—
Dear Bard o' auld Lochfyne!

He sang o' hame, and love's sweet bowers,
And scenes o' auld langsyne,—
His century of song is ours,
Sweet Minstrel o' Lochfyne!

And still thy step is firm and strong,
Thy intellect divine,—
Nor dim'd thine eye, nor hush'd thy song,
Brave Bard o' auld Lochfyne!

'Tis ours to meet thee, now and then,
Where leal hearts round thee twine;
And honour thee wi' voice and pen,—
Gray Bard o' auld Lochfyne!

May Heaven grant thee many years
To link our hearts wi' thine,
Ere we shall wet thy grave wi' tears,
Dear Bard o' auld Lochfyne!

ACROSTIC—ROBERT WHITTET.

On receiving a beautifully bound copy of Poems, by
Robert Whittet, Richmond, Va, U.S.

ROBERT WHITTET'S "Brighter Side of Suf-
f'ring,"

Oh! who could read it and not feel the balm
Breath'd forth in every line—like Sabbath calm—
Each happy thought so truly comforting!
Read it I shall—yes, o'er and o'er again—
To keep me patient, Christ-like, under pain!

Well hast thou done thy ministry of song!
He who inspired thee guided well thy pen
In teaching thee "the need" of suff'ring men
To trust in Jesus—pleading, patient, strong—
To help us in our ev'ry hour of need;
Each trial sent us is a title-deed
To that inheritance for which we long!

STRATHALBYN'S JUBILEE.

Respectfully dedicated to Rev. M. Campbell,
Strathalbyn, P.E.I.

HAIL to the Pioneers: Strathalbyn's men!
On whom, and their descendants, God doth
smile;
Who left old Scotland's shores to plant again
Free homes and hearts on lone Prince Edward's
Isle!

They brav'd the dangers of the mighty deep—
For months they sailed Atlantic's misty way—
But well they knew their God His watch would
keep,
Their Polar Star by night, their Guide by day!

Such names as these are sacred to our ears:—
Martins, Mathiesons and Stewards;—the Clans
MacDonald, MacKenzie and MacLeod—whose
years
Of faithful service future success plans!

All honour to those noble pioneers!
Whose sons and daughters now are gather'd
here,
To give three hearty loyal British cheers
For names they hold in memory ever dear!
“HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAH!”

Be ours to emulate our fathers' name,
And build the superstructure still more fair,—
Prince Edward's Isle is not unknown to fame,
Her sons their country's honours duly share!

God bless the church our fathers lov'd so well,
And shed their blood to keep intact and pure;
Be it a Bethel where our children dwell
In freedom, love, and harmony secure!

“EXCELSIOR!”—our watchword ever be!
“IN GOD WE TRUST!”—and crave His blessed
smile;
Thus shall our souls be ever brave and free,—
God bless Strathalbyn and Prince Edward's
Isle!

HAPPY PEACE DALE.

ACROSTIC.

Written during a holiday spent at Peace Dale, R.I.,
1902.

HAPPY PEACE DALE! Most restful place to me;
A sweet retreat for wearied nerves or brain;
Pease—"like a river"—flowing calm and free,
Pervades thy borders—antidote to pain—
You have restored me to my youth again!

PEACE DALE! Your happy birds know my retreat,
Each morn they wake me with their music sweet,
And call me to another day of joy:—
Come!" says the robin—"be again a boy!
Each lovely flower is weeping, wet with dew,
Desiring to be kissed by such as you!"
All nature sings her sweetest anthems here;
Let not a care, a worry, sigh or tear,
E'er mar the PEACE that maketh home so dear!

TWO LONELY GRAVES.

SEAS roll between two lonely graves,
That Death and Fate have parted;
Divided by Atlantic's waves—
Our parents—kind, true-hearted.
They walked together, side by side,
For well-nigh fifty years;
One grave at home, one 'cross the tide,
Both wet by children's tears!

Ah! me, to think that they should rest
Three thousand miles apart,
Who lived and loved, and in whose breast
There beat ONE loving heart;
That they who laboured heart and hand,
To rear us one by one,
Should sleep apart by sea and land,
When life's hard work was done!

Such are the hard decrees of Fate,
Sad source of tears and sighs,
That those who needs must emigrate,
Break up fond family ties!
One consolation sootheth me,
That in yon land above,
God says, "There shall be no more sea,"
To part true hearts that love!

FRAGMENTS FOR AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

A FEW short years
Of hopes and fears,
And then we pass for ever,
Where answer'd prayers
Shall banish cares,
Beyond the shining river!

Blest land above,
Sweet home of love,
With joy we'll reach thy portals;
'Mid angel throngs,
Recite the songs
Sung by redeem'd immortals!

FRIENDSHIP.

THE friendship of the good and true
Is more to me than gold,
And, while I welcome one that's new,
I'll treasure well the old;
Old friends are like the goodly tree
Whose leafy branches throw
A grateful shelter over me
When adverse winds may blow!

"GOOD-BYE!"

"GOOD-BYE! good-bye!" what kindly words,
As they fall on the parting ear,
Like the singing of summer birds,
With their wonderful power to cheer;
Their meaning true—
"God-be-with-you!"
With kiss and sigh—
"Good-bye! good-bye!"

"Good-bye! good-bye!" means not "Farewell!"
But a wish for our Father's care!
How sweet when hearts their fullness tell
In the words of that loving prayer;
"Good-bye! good-bye!"
May God be nigh;
The meaning true—
"God-be-with-you!"

These words are sometimes idly said,
 Like passing sunbeams on the wall,
 And on the heart fall cold and dead,
 'Tis then no fervent prayer at all,
 But plain—"Good-bye!"—
 A formal cry,
 No kiss nor sigh,
 Ah, friends!—why? why?

Remember, when you say—"Good-bye!"
 Life is uncertain, short, and fleet;
 Then, let the love-light in your eye
 Show friendship's bond is strong and sweet.
 Thus, hand-in-hand,
 Friends understand
 The meaning true—
 "God-be-with-you!"

"FAREWELL!"

THE saddest word we ever hear,
 Full-fraught with sorrow, hope, and fear,
 The fount of many a bitter tear:
 Farewell! Farewell!

REFRAIN: Farewell! Farewell!

Ah! who can tell
 What bitter tears,
 What hopes and fears,
 Surround thy spell?
 Sad word: "Farewell!"

As, branch by branch, the family tree
Is snapp'd and floated o'er life's sea,
How sad a parent's heart must be,
To say: "Farewell!"

REFRAIN: Farewell! Farewell! etc.

How sad for loving friends to part
For distant scenes—so wide apart—
That mem'ries must suffice the heart
That says: "Farewell!"

REFRAIN: Farewell! Farewell! etc.

How sad to hear the deep-toned bell
Ring out a dear friend's funeral knell,
And feel your very heart-strings swell
To say: "Farewell!"

REFRAIN: Farewell! Farewell! etc.

When we have said our last "Farewell,"
And gone the ranks of heaven to swell,
Rejoice to know—Death breaks the spell—
All's well! all's well!

REFRAIN: With God to dwell,
No more, "Farewell!"
No more sad tears!
No doubts! no fears!
Each tongue shall tell:
"'Tis well! 'Tis well!"

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

BIRTHDAY greetings now I send,
Full of gladness, love and joy,
May this year, my loving friend,
Bring thee peace without alloy;
Keep this token as a charm,
Proof of Friendship ever dear,
Fain would I shield thee from harm
All this happy golden year!

MY FIRST GREY HAIR!

I FOUND a streak of silver fair
Among my locks of raven hair,
That made my eyes wide open stare,—
My first grey hair!

Come thou as friend, or come as foe,
As sign of wisdom, or of woe?—
Which of these four I'd like to know,
Thou lone grey hair!

"Grey hairs are hon'able" 'tis said,
But raven black becomes *my* head,
I'd rather far that thou wert red,
My first grey hair!

I hope the years to come may see
A grandchild sitting on each knee,
Grey hairs will then becoming be,
And dark ones rare!

I hope to live to see the day,
Though may it yet be far away,
When all my locks shall turn to grey,
All silvery fair!

But not just yet,—no! not for gold
Would I permit thee to have hold!
Upon my scalp—I'm not that old!
Begone!—grey hair!

SING ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

SING me to sleep, mother,
Sing me to sleep;
Sing me a song, mother,
So I may weep!
I've been a wayward child,
Out in the world wild,
Love hath my heart beguil'd—
Sing Love to sleep!

Sing me to sleep, mother,
Croon me to sleep;
Hush me to sleep, mother,
E'en tho' I weep!
I'm not a girl now,
Care sits upon my brow,
Angels are weeping now,—
Sorrow I reap!

Death is at hand, mother,
Hush me to sleep;
Dark is the night, mother,
Close to me keep!
Sing me a baby-song,
Sweetly the notes prolong;
Far from life's giddy throng,
Dang'rous and deep!—

Gone now are care and pain,
Dear summer hours!—
I am a child again,
Gathering flowers!
Mother, dry up that tear!
Angels are hov'ring near,
Bidding me—"Never fear!"
Sweet Eden bowers!

SONNETS

THE MASTER'S CALL.

GO work to-day! the fields are white to view,
The harvest truly great, the labour'rs few;
To you the call is giv'n, reapers, obey!
Work mightily, while yet 'tis called to-day!
The night approacheth when no man can work,
And sin and vice do in the darkness lurk.
The fields are many and the world is wide,
O'er trackless forests, deserts, stormy tide
Proclaim that love which makes all mankind kin,
And saves the soul though steep'd in direst sin;
Which frees the captive, gladdens the oppress'd,
And leads the erring to the Saviour's breast;
Where pard'ning mercy, love, and joy are giv'n
To make this earth a sweet foretaste of Heaven.

COURAGE.

COURAGE! the noblest attribute of man!
God's "golden rule" his daily, only plan.
With firm step, and fearless, honest eyes,
He looks you in the face—mean tricks despise!
With head erect he onward plods his way,
"Excelsior!" his watchword day by day.
He meets reverses with a calm reserve—
Makes them but stepping-stones his will to serve!
Greets all life's trials with a smiling face
And conquers self through God's free gift of grace!
Shrinks not from duty—seeks to do the right—
Peace is his choice—but, if he needs must fight,
Let him beware who strikes a coward's blow,
The man of courage soon will lay him low!

THE LAST ENEMY—DEATH.

DEATH comes to all, no man can stay his hand;
If he but calls, the proudest in the land
His summons must obey, and then be led
By his cold, icy hand 'mong silent dead;
There to remain till Death himself shalldie,
And He who conquered Death shall reign on high.
Oh, Death! where is thy sting if Jesus save?
Where, then, thy victory, O cruel Grave?
Thou hast no power o'er him whom God defends,
For him all things subserve most glorious ends.
Death but relieves from earthly pain and woe,
A friend, though in the guise of mortal foe.
Oh, may the grave to me be but a door
To that bright land where Death shall reign no
more.

CHRISTIAN, AWAKE!

CHRISTIAN, awake! thy life is not a dream,
You cannot glide for ever with the stream;
'Tis like the ocean in her changing moods
Of great uproar, or calm, deep solitudes;
Her varying tides a ceaseless motion keep,
And danger ever haunts the mighty deep;
Yet o'er her bosom in majestic pride
The noble vessel doth in safety ride,
Defying all the stormy winds that blow,—
Making a highway of a raging foe,
Till the bright haven doth appear in view,
Which speaks of rest to all the weary crew;
Where, sails all furl'd, anchor firm and fast,
They rest the sweeter for the dangers part!

“TOWED INTO PORT!”

A SPELL OF SICKNESS.

I'M like a ship to-day—tow'd into port,
 Too long of adverse winds and waves the sport;
 Sails flapping loose, water-logg'd and leaky!
 Cargo misplaced—timbers disjoin'd and creaky!
 Life's not unlike a ship well out at sea,
 Sails trimly set—winds fair and fresh and free—
 Then all is well; the Watch their vigils keep,
 For danger ever haunts life's mighty deep!
 But storms arise when man and ship is prest,
 And seas engulf though man may do his best!
 Then, lucky craft, if Pilot's help be near;—
 “'Tis I, FEAR NOT”—bless'd words of hope and
 cheer!
 In bed to-day I murmur in my prayers:—
 “TOW'D INTO PORT FOR SAFETY AND REPAIRS!”

THE IMAGE OF THE HEAVENLY.

ALMIGHTY God! in all Thy works display'd,
 For man in Thine own image Thou hast made;
 How should we, then, Thine every law respect,
 And mourn in dust and ashes if neglect
 Of ours should once but mar that image bright,
 And, grieving Thee, turn sunshine into night.
 Let not our hearts from Thee be turn'd aside,
 But let Thy Holy Spirit with us 'bide;
 Then shall our life be like the flowers in June,
 Displaying sweetness, and our hearts in tune
 To the pure melodies of heav'nly song,
 Which to the ransom'd hosts of Heav'n belong;
 Thus here below let glorious anthems rise
 To mingle with the songs of Paradise.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER'S
REWARD.

O H, teacher, faint not! thou art not alone,
He who hath called thee will thy labour own;
And though, at first, no grateful fruit appear,
Think not 'tis labour lost, but persevere;
Yield not the conflict to the Master's foe,
But still "from strength to strength" unwearied go.
Plant thou the seeds of heav'nly fruit with care
And water oft with fervent, pleading prayer,
Then leave the rest to God, whose Spirit's power
Shall cause the seed to grow, the plant to flower,
Till in due course the ripen'd fruit appears
To cheer thy heart, reward thy prayers and tears,
And make thee sing for joy,—that peace bestow
Which they who serve the Lord alone doth know.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

THERE is a peace the world can not bestow
Nor take away; and they in joy do go
Who but possess it, for its charm is sure,
And doth through all the ills of life endure;
It makes the soul rejoice, the weak feel strong,
The troubled soul burst forth in joyous song,
Which may be heard above the din of strife,—
An antidote for all the cares of life!
Oh! peace of God! may I Thy pow'r enjoy,
Then in Thy praise my life shall find employ;
Thou shalt me 'fend from every evil way,
Make all my darkness turn to brightest day,
Till, safe within the everlasting arms,
My soul shall rest secure from all alarms!

A PRAYER FOR WISDOM.

1 Kings iii. 11, 12; Prov. iii. 13-18.

O H! let me ever walk in Wisdom's way,
That I may wiser grow, and day by day
Prove that her paths are pleasantness and peace;
And, therein walking, may my years increase
In fruitful days of labour and reward,
Of love, and joy, and peace, and sweet concord.
Grant me the work which angels most enjoy,—
A life well spent in Heaven's blest employ,
In deeds of love, and works of holy zeal.
And in that occupation may I feel
The kind approval of a God of grace,
Who owns His servants with a smiling face;
My work accepted, and my sins forgiv'n,
Bless'd while on earth, and doubly bless'd in
Heaven.

CONSCIENCE.

C ONSCIENCE is the true monitor of God
For our approval, or a very rod
Of direst chastisement for evil deeds,
Or wicked thoughts that grow like noxious weeds
Within the garden of the human heart,
To mar the buds and flowers which would impart
A fragrant solace to the weary soul
Of God-made man, thus strengthen and control
His better nature in Temptation's day,
And drive the hateful thoughts of sin away,
To hide themselves for very shame of sin,
And, hence renewed, the better life begin:
Thus, Conscience, listened to, will safely guide
Where perfect peace and happiness abide!

MY SOUL AND I.

WE are lonely never—my soul and I—
 How sweet our communion when none are
 nigh;

We have known each other for many years,
 Shared oft in our joys, our sorrows, and tears!
 My soul doth aspire to the realms above
 And taught me the sweet secret power of love,
 Till I grow in its likeness day by day,
 As I listen to all my soul doth say:—
 There are pleasures beyond this mundane sphere
 That are better than all earth holds most dear;
 Set not your affections on things of life—
 Health, wealth, ambition—vain children of strife;
 Ah! Soul is immortal—knows not decay,
 But Life—like a vapour—fades swift away!

 INFIDELITY.

'TIS foolish to affirm "there is no God,"
 When all around us lie the evidence:
 The smallest flower that gems the verdant sod
 Speaks to us mutely of His providence;
 The starry firmament proclaims His might
 While it defies our finite minds to know
 The why and wherefore of the Infinite,
 And all our calculations overthrow!
 Oh! puny man! why dost thou upright walk
 While other creatures crawl, or lowly bend,
 As if in awe of God?—yet dost thou talk
 Of wisdom, power, and knowledge without end!
 Infidelity is spiritual blindness,—
 God all around—yet will not Him confess!

JESUS, MY REFUGE.

"A hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as the shadow of a rock in a weary land."—*Isa. xxxii. 2.*

OH, grateful shelter from the storms of life,
 From cares corroding or from worldly strife;
 Fain would my panting soul Thy shadow seek,
 And, shielded safe, in grateful accents speak
 Of all Thy love to man, whose strength Thou art,
 Whose refuge sure, the uplifter of the heart
 Of him who strives to seek Thy safe retreat,
 And loves with thee to dwell—there at thy feet
 Lay sorrow's burden down; Thy gracious gift
 Accepts with thankful heart, nor seeks to lift
 With sinful hands once more the heavy load
 That bars the soul's communion with his God;
 Ah! there would I in calm repose abide,
 Safe as THE ROCK near which I seek to hide.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

SWEET name! what cadence in the very sound!
 What heav'nly music in the utt'rance found,
 When whisper'd in the ear of dying saint,
 Tho' spent with pain, and pulse and heart beat faint;
 Yet, at the name of "JESUS" doth his eyes
 Seek ours in love, and peace, and glad surprise,
 And then forever close in sweet content
 To open them in Heav'n—a life well spent!
 Oh, Jesus! Thine the ever-potent power
 To charm, to heal, to bless, in trial's hour;
 Let all the world Thy name with rev'rence hear,
 And trust Thy pow'r to save; with holy fear
 Approach the footstool of Thy matchless grace,
 And find in Thee their souls' dear resting-place!

THE SABBATH-DAY.

SWEET day of rest! most precious of the seven,
God's gracious gift to man, in mercy giv'n
That he may cease from toil and worldly care,
And for that brighter rest his soul prepare.
Blest harbinger of that eternal day,
Whose beams shall never fade or pass away.
Oh, may we ever watch with jealous eye,
And careful guard the hours that swiftly fly,
That nought but heav'nly themes our thoughts
engage,
And with temptation hourly warfare wage;
Oft by "the footsteps of the flock" be found,
Within the house of God, on praying ground,
And there our grateful hearts shall homage pay
To Him who rose triumphant on that day.

THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

THE windows of the soul—dear loving eyes!
That look out from the mysteries of life,
And tell of love or sorrow, peace or strife—
I love them as I love the changeful skies:
All speak the language of the human heart,
In which Love acts the nobler, better part!
Blue eyes tell of sweet, sunny, sun-lit isles,
Where peaceful harmony for ever smiles;
Grey eyes proclaim the music of the spheres,
Yet melt in sympathy with others' tears;
Brown eyes are for the heart that seeks a friend,
And dark eyes faithful to life's bitter end!
All eyes are good if but the heart be pure.
They speak the language of the soul most sure!

GENEROSITY.

A TENDER-HEARTED maid, with open hand
 And tear-dim'd eyes touch'd with the world's
 woe,
 From which the tears of sympathy do flow
 Like rain, refreshing parch'd and thirsty land!
 The children run to her, and, clinging, sing
 Her praises in the ears of miser-men,
 Who, conscience-stricken, give but when
 Their gifts return in interest back again!
 A gift is double value kindly given
 Without a thought of gain or gratitude—
 Let not thy right hand know thy left hand's
 good—
 And thou shalt reap reward from highest heaven!
 A gen'rous action promptly, freely done,
 Hath an approving conscience nobly won!

SEEKING AFTER KNOWLEDGE.

WISDOM is the true currency of Heaven,
 From fools withheld, but to the prudent given;
 In her pursuit let us in earnest be.
 If we would prosper, therefore, let us see
 That all our energies be so combin'd
 As best to cultivate the heart and mind.
 This occupation is the best that can
 Engage the youth, or occupy the man
 In leisure hours, which, be they rightly spent,
 Are of great moment, and by Heaven lent
 To sweeten toil, and relaxation give
 To dull and cank'ring cares, which, while we live,
 Must be our lot; our time, then, let us spend
 As best becomes us, knowing not our end!

ADVERSITY.

A CRUCIBLE, in which to purge the dross
From out the gold of Friendship, leal and true,
Testing the interest men may have in you,—
Selfishness or Sacrifice?—Gain or Loss?
Adversity's a friend, in stern disguise,
If by its uses thou may'st find thy foes,
For until then, life all too smoothly flows,—
Experience is a teacher to the wise!
Trust not in friends till thou hast found them strong
When thou art weak—cheerful when thou art glad
In bonds of sympathy when thou art sad,—
These are the friends that tarry with thee long!
Adversity will put false friends to rout;
Thank God, in prayer, for having found them out!

PLEADING.

O H! theme of wondrous power!—with God to
plead—
And speak to Him in our great times of need!
With faith's bright eye peer through earth's darkest
night
And read the meaning of the Infinite!
Oh! gift of gifts! to erring mortals given—
Kneeling on earth, yet, kneeling, soar to heaven!
To lisp and stammer, yet prevail with God
To turn aside from us His chastening rod!
More liberty with God than angels know
Have they who seek His ear in time of woe!
Claiming the merits of a Saviour's love
To gain a hearing in the courts above!
He who doth mark each sparrow's fall with care
Counts all tears and answers fervent prayer!

“FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.”

“THESE THREE.”

FAITH is the starting-point to higher ground,
Each step—sure-footed—on THE ROCK is
found;

No backward gazing at our former fears,
But stronger growing as recede the years!
HOPE is the telescope that scans afar,—
Each heavenly thought seems like a new-found star!
Though for a season bound by earth's employ,
Hope sings on earth sweet heavenly songs of joy!
SWEET CHARITY! true bond of love and peace,
Thy kindly counsel maketh strife to cease;
Thou rulest with a loving, gentle hand,
And, smiling, points us to the better land!
FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY! oh, truth sublime,
These three shall bridge us o'er the sea of Time.

RESIGNATION.

“THY will be done!”—though mine be all
undone;

Thou art the Fashioner—I but the clay:

Then mould me as Thou wilt from day to day
Until my course on earth be fully run.

'Tis not for me to say—“What doest Thou?”

Thou doest all things well: Thy name is Love!

Thine aim to fit me for Thy courts above:

Then stamp Thine image fair upon my brow!

'Tis mine to only wait, and watch, and pray

To be preserved from evil and from sin,

And let Thy Spirit rule my heart within,

Trusting Thee fully even though Thou slay!

Come life or death—come happiness or woe—

Mine but to follow where Thou'dst have me go!

THY LAST HOUR.

O H, think of it! for it shall surely come,—
Thy last lone hour on earth, when thou must
part

With all thou holdest dear within thy heart,
And death's great loneliness shall strike thee dumb,
Yet, let not dark despair thy heart enshroud,—
A ray of light rims even this dismal cloud;
If thou dost look for it, thy soul shall see
Beyond the tomb a haven of repose
Prepared, in love, by God for such as thee;
For those who trust in Jesus mercy flows!
Thus may thy setting sun on earth but be
A harbinger of better things for thee;
For, ere to-morrow's earthly sun doth rise
Thy ransom'd soul may mount to Paradise.

LIGHT.

G OD said: "Let there be light," and from the
sky

Shone forth the "ruler of the day" on high.
To rule the darkness of chaotic night
He sent the moon forth with her silvery light.
Soon countless stars peep'd out as if to see
The new creation in its infancy!
Then God made man in His own image fair,
And gave him Eve his earthly joys to share;
But man's sad fall from purity and grace
Brought spiritual darkness o'er the human race.
"I AM THE LIGHT," our blessed Saviour said,
And meekly bow'd for us His holy head;
A heavenly light He shed o'er life's dark way,
Shining more bright as nears the perfect day!

TRUTH.

TRUTH is that spotless purity of soul
Which seeks the light, and loves to bask
therein!
Not truth in part—then silence, but the whole
Unvarnished facts, without one taint of sin!
Such is the standard of the living God,
Before whom all that dares to lie must fall,
Feeling their conscience, like a heated rod,
Forever searing and consuming all!
Truth stands the test of torture, fire or sword,
And from them all comes forth the more refined.
When fixed upon God's everlasting Word,—
Truth to all subtlety and art is blind;
Though tempted sore, yet utter not a lie,
For God and Truth brave men have dar'd to die!

HER EYES!

HER eyes do speak a language pure and free,
As flowers that usher in the Spring! To me
They speak of Hope, and Happiness, and Love,
With melting meekness of the gentle dove!
At other times they talk to me in tears,
But, lover-like, I banish all her fears!
Then smiles and gladness fill those loving eyes
Like sunrise glances 'mid Italian skies!
In melting moods swift pass the hours away,
And in her presence night is brightest day!
For, while the windows of her soul give light,
All other orbs may vanish from the night!
Asleep! awake!—I see those love-lit eyes
Lead, light, and cheer my path to Paradise.

HOPE DEFERRED!

'TIS hope deferred—life's lamp goes out at night—

One flicker more and all is darkness deep,
Made all the darker as the hopes were bright;

The more of joy we miss the more we weep,
As hope departs and leaves but blank despair,

Then weeping ceases for the lack of power!
The Winter of the soul has come!—and bare

Are all the branches of the tree, whose flower
Gave promise of such benisons of bliss,

That each glad leaf was hailed with new delight
By sun and shower, and dew-drop's hopeful kiss,

And all seemed fair each morning, noon, and
night!

But fruit came not; and leaf by leaf decayed;
Then sank my heart and sought Death's grateful
shade!

DREAMLAND.

O H! fairyland of dreams! once more I see
The happy scenes of childhood far away,
When hearts were young and life a summer's day,
And mother's voice sang lullabys to me!

A sweet respite from life's corroding care—

To bridge the years in one short hour of sleep,
And with companions of my youth to keep
Glad holiday 'mid scenes of beauty rare!

A bright face gladdens every flower I see—

A sweet voice sings the songs I love so well,
Music's glad echoes o'er the valleys swell,
And flowery fragrance scents the dewy lea!

I smiling wake and find the years have fled,
Cheer'd on in life by having seen the dead!

TO A BABE ASLEEP.

THOU little rosebud of humanity!
Close-clinging to thy tender mother's breast,
Safely, serenely dost thou sweetly rest
As o'er thee bend moist eyes of love and pity!
Sleep on! while angels whisper in thine ears
Sweet lullabies from Heaven's eternal throne,
In tender cadence of love's undertone,
That make thee smile and banish mother's tears!
May not the angels carry thee away
Till Hope's fulfilment answers parent's prayers,
And thou art wearied with earth's joys and cares,
A full-blown rose at close of life's brief day!
Then may the Gard'ner come, and, plucking thee,
Whisper—THOU ART THE FLOWER THAT PLEAS-
ETH ME!

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

OH! happy eve! that ushers in the day
Of all the year the best to young and old!
This night our thoughts take wings and soar away
To Bethelhem's plains, where shepherds tend
their fold.
Angelic strains are borne upon the wind
Of "peace on earth, good-will to all mankind;"
See! yonder star of promise that doth bring
Our eager footsteps to earth's new-born king,
There pay we homage to the Holy Child
Born in a manger—'mid surroundings wild—
Where "wise men from the East" pour at His feet
Earth's finest gold—all spices rare and sweet!
OH! LET OUR CHRISTMAS OFFERINGS EVER BE
A PORTION OF OUR BEST, O LORD, TO THEE!

SUNRISE.

NATURE rejoices in a thousand ways
When first the morning sunlight westward
streams;
Sunward the birds pour forth their joyous lays
And, singing, wake us from morn's fitful dreams;
Under thy warmth the flowers expand and look
With smiling eyes toward thy welcome rays;
While river, mountain, plain, and purling brook
Sing tunefully in chorus to thy praise!
Oh, blessed sunlight!—emblem of that Light
Which lighteth our dark souls with heavenly
love;
May we expand and grow with glad delight
As doth the flowers that smile and look above!
Oh, Father! let the light from Jesus' face
Illume our hearts and there His image trace!

PATIENCE.

PATIENCE! thou art a giant in thy strength,
A miracle of wonder-working power;
By calm endurance success crowns at length
As certain as the fruit succeeds the flower!
Patience—brave heart! 'tis step by step we go
And reach at last the haven of our hopes!
'Tis drop by drop—then hidden springs o'erflow
And rush in torrents down the mountain slopes!
'Tis one by one our moments swiftly fly
To form the deathless history of the past!
Then patiently pursue thy purpose high
While genius, hope, and emulation last.
Patience is true greatness?—e'en though defeat
Seem imminent, yet patience still is sweet!

WHAT IS REGRET?

A SOMBRE shadow o'er life's pleasant way—
A pain one feels yet cannot well express;
A mis-spent moment of a well-spent day—
A thoughtless act too late to make redress;
A hasty word we fain had never said,
A dark'ning cloud where sunshine might have
been;
A drooping eye, a lowly bowed head,—
These are the symptoms of Regret, I ween.
Let us be watchful over every act,
And ponder well the path we seek to tread;
One thoughtless action may life's good detract,
Our influence mar long after we are dead
Hedge well thy ways with watchfulness and pray'r
Thus 'void Regret—twin-sister to Despair!

SLEEP.

SLEEP, blessed Sleep! of comforters the best,
Thou "sweet restorer" of a wearied frame;
In thy embrace we gladly sink to rest,
And thus forget earth's fickle praise or blame!
Or, in our dreams revisit other lands
Where first our happy childhood's years were
spent,
And join in playful glee our toil-worn hands
In youthful happiness and sweet content;
Or kneel beside a godly mother's knee
And lisp again our evening prayer sublime,
And feel, from all earth's care and trouble free,
The flowery freshness of life's glad spring-time!
Sleep's but the emblem of our long last rest,
If pillow'd safely on our Saviour's breast!

MOTHER-LOVE.

SEE yonder mother with her sickly child
Pressed closely to her heaving, anxious breast,
For many days and nights forebodings wild
Have fill'd her heart and banished needful rest;
Yet, at the faintest cry or wish exprest,
She gladly seeks to soothe its every pain,
And, if successful, thinks it purest gain
Ere to her own great need comes fitful rest!
Oh! mother-love! great waters cannot quench
Nor flames deter thee from thy patient zeal;
Thy love-strong hands grim prison-bars would
wrench,
There with thy suffering child at home to feel;
The purest love on earth is mother-love,
Full kin to that made manifest above!

PERSEVERANCE.

DISAPPOINTMENT is not utter failure,
The striving is a measure of success;
Each wise attempt but makes us stronger grow,
Till, oft-repeated, stumbling-blocks seem less,
And finally prove stepping-stones to gain
The end in view, and our fond hopes attain!
As drops of water wear the solid rock,
Or sun's bright ray, in focus, kindle flame,
So concentrated effort, wisely spent,
Will yet be crowned with success and with fame!
If that thy aim be good, then persevere,
Though success fail thee, this thy heart may cheer:
No man e'er strove with noble end in view,
But from the strife came forth more brave and true!

OUR DUTY.

THE path where God would have us walk
to-day

Hath His approval. If we answer, No!

His blessing will not with to-morrow go,
For doubt and darkness will beset our way!

The child that will not let a teacher rule

Comes oft to grief, till pride is crush'd and dead,

And he is willing to be taught and led,

And learn obedience in Experience's school!

Conscience—the monitor that points the way—

God's guardian angel to the human soul,

True as the trembling needle to the Pole,

Man's duty is to honour and obey!

Keep to the right!—the path of duty tread!

From many a danger shall the soul be led.

REVENGE.

DARK-BROWED "REVENGE,"—the wicked
weakling's plea,

Too oft the answer to a noble foe,

Lulling the conscience for a coward's blow,

He dare not strike when other eyes may see!

To take a mean advantage o'er a friend,

Because of fancied insult, slight, or wrong,

Can never build a nature good and strong,

And oft defeats its object in the end!

"REVENGE IS SWEET,"—the craven coward saith,

And skulking, hides himself in hell's dark hold,

Till some advantage makes him wond'rous bold,

Then steps he forth with venom-bated breath!

Revenge makes man the devil's handy slave,

To do his will, and fill a coward's grave!

FREEDOM.

FREEDOM is obedience to righteous law
Framed for the guidance of a nation great;
Made to be kept—not broken by a flaw
Known only to the rulers of the State!
Justice that treats the rich and poor alike,
Defending each from favour or attack;
Slow to convict—yet ready aye to strike
The fatal blow on all that honour lack!
A nation's strength is measured by her laws
Her safety is the welfare of her sons;
Industry and loyalty the power that draws
In peace her commerce, and in war her guns!
Freedom—our birthright, sell it not for gold,
Our fathers bought it with their blood of old!

LIBERTY.

SWEET LIBERTY!—thou birthright of man-
kind,
Yet which some autocrats would fain destroy!
How like our God to give!—like man to take
What God hath given so freely in His love
To make our life on earth more bearable!
Though man loves liberty, yet—miser-like—
Seeks to withhold it from his fellow-man,
And, boasting, pride himself in larceny!
Go to! thou false vile traitor to thy race,
Thy stony heart is index'd on thy face!
While loving Liberty thyself—deny
To those within thy power their liberty!
The soul that seeks to bind his fellow man
May soon be measured by an infant's span!

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! thou holy bond that binds my
heart

To others that to mine seem counterpart,—
Love-giving, yet love-getting all the more,
Thus daily adding to our mutual store
Of kindly deeds and words, each thought and look
As readable and clear as printed book;
Enjoyable in life's gay, golden hour,
Yet doubly so when clouds of trial lower;
Then closer draw as lambs do in the fold,
To gather heat, and 'scape the rain and cold,
Till warmth and sunshine take the place of rain,
Then off they gambol on the hills again!
Oh! Friendship! thou art like a golden chain,
Each link a friend—each friend a golden gain!

WHAT IS JOY?

JOY is the constant outflow of a heart
Full of its happiness and ecstasy!
Pure as a mountain spring; born to impart
Its healthy sweetness o'er life's dusty way!
Refreshing hearts o'erfraught with worldly care—
Laughing and skipping like a child at play,
Wooing the flowers that seem to it most fair—
No morrow clouds the brightness of to-day!
Joy is the language that the angels know,
And teach the infant at its mother's breast,
Whose dimpled cheeks with sun-lit smiles over-
flow,
While fondled safely in the parent nest!
Joy! like the music of the birds in spring,
Make other hearts with joyous rapture sing!

VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.—1887.

WHAT means this shout of joy o'er all the earth?—

A nation's thankfulness! a nation's praise!
From whence the cause that gives such joy its birth,
And o'er the world such great commotion raise?
For fifty years our noble Queen hath stood
The trying ordeal of a nation's crown!
Beloved by all—"Victoria, the good,"
On freedom smiled—gave slavery her frown!
All through her lonely years of widowhood
She held with dignity a nation's rein:
Was ever Queen so well-belov'd and good?
Did ever king such lasting homage gain?
Victoria!—as Mother, Queen or Wife,
Thou hast adorn'd thy pathway all through life!

MUSIC.

WHEN music takes possession of the heart,
A coward well may act a hero's part,
And dare the deadly trenches of the foe—
With valiant comrades strike the victor's blow!
And when in happy "piping times of peace"
Glad lovers meet to join the merry dance,
At sound of music each bright eye doth glance
With love and joy, nor tire till music cease!
Sweet music is the language of the soul,
It calms the weeping infant of a day,
And soothes the aged saint at life's decay,
Like healing balm, makes wounded spirits whole!
Celestial music!—boon to man on earth!
Thy angel-tones have surely heavenly birth!

MY MONUMENT.

MY monument! Oh, let it not be stone—
To press upon my slumb'ring clay at rest—
Too often "hearts of stone" have pain'd my
breast,
Whose love I should have had as all mine own!
But, let my monument and glory be
Fond hearts and true—however lowly, they
That talk'd and walk'd with melife's thorny way,
Oh! let my longing soul THEIR mourning see!
Then shall I be at rest—deep sleep be mine,
'Neath grassy slopes where flowers keep holiday,
Where gentle showers and zephyrs love to play
'Mong fav'rite plants that doth my grave entwine!
When friends recall sweet mem'ries of the past.
THEIR LOVE be my best monument at last!

TEARS.

TEARS are the outflow of great joy or grief,
The speechless language of a swelling heart,
Whose fitful solace is a sure relief
For joys excessive, or affliction's smart;
The valve-escapement of a pent-up soul,
Whose fulness finds expression in a tear;
Which, like healing balm, makes the wounded
whole;
Or dearest friend—when darkest hour is near—
Whose hands we clasp in friendship's sacred hold,
And cling to them like ivy round the tree,—
Weakness and strength combined in love's enfold,
Then let the flood-gates open full and free!
Our bitter tears but give us strength to bear
Affliction sore, or joy's too sudden glare!

THE DRUNKARD'S FATE.

FOR the drunkard there's no such place as
"home,"

Though over the face of the earth he roam,
Till Death shall unfetter the drink-bound slave,
And he findeth "rest" in the silent grave;
His untimely death—"the wages of sin,"—
Satan's reward for the worship of Gin!
He gave up his wife and his children dear
For the drink which he thought his heart could
cheer;

But the more he drank the lower he sank,
From the highest grade to the lowest rank,
Till for shame his name a bye-word became,
And he lost for ever his once fair name:—
For the pleasure of drink, which he loved so well,
He barter'd his soul to the lowest hell!

PAIN!

WE shrink and recoil at the touch of pain,
Yet know that escape from his grasp is vain;
And our trembling hearts with emotion swell
As we sigh and groan at each painful spell;
But the dreadful hour of suffering past,
And our courage and health restored at last,
How soon we forget our terror and pain,
And mingle once more with the world again;
But not as before, for a tender string
Hath been set to music, and thus doth sing:
I have suffered and feel for other's pain
A twinge of my own past sorrow again!
Ah! Pain, what a useful teacher thou art,
Lessons of sympathy thus to impart!

WHAT IS LOVE ?

LOVE is the grateful off'ring of a heart
In all its fulness to some counterpart,—
Zeal answering zeal, each striving to excel,
Zealous to share the glowing thoughts that dwell
In hearts united by Love's silken bands,
Each thread some joy Love only understands.
'Mid stirring echoes of a fond desire
Claim kindred feelings and a sister-fire,
Joining life's hopes in one ecstatic song,
As sweetest music from an angel-throng;
No doubt or fear disturbs Love's peaceful rest,
Nor cares corroding rankle in her breast;
Each thought bears fruit in others sweeter still,
Till earth seems heav'n, and heav'n seems own'd
at will.

RETALIATION.

OH, Canada! arise in thy young strength,
And prove thyself a nation of the earth,
Whose veins are filled with blood of noble birth
That shall be honoured, known and felt at length!
Think not of war!—but all that makes for peace
Be thine; thy aim—advancement and increase
In all that tends to make a nation great,
And thus be trained to cope with any fate!
Oh, may thy brother “'cross the lines” be such
As brother ought to be to sister fair—
Two of one family—ask we thus too much
That God's free gifts they each alike may share?
Then should a foe our continent invade,
Brother and sister join in mutual aid!

"IN A MOMENT."

A STREET SCENE.

"IN A MOMENT"—full prone upon the ground
 The lifeless body of a man was found;
 Without one word of parting or regret
 His sudden and untimely death he met;
 Yet died as he had lived—trustful in God
 And ready even to kiss the chastening rod
 That called him "in a moment" to depart
 And be with Him who binds the troubled heart,
 O'er-wrought with labour and surcharged with
 care,
 Sustained thus far through faith and secret prayer,
 To Him who knows the frailties of our frame,
 Yet pardons all who trust in His sweet name!
 In a moment translated in His love,
 By one sharp pain, to endless bliss above!

REST!

REST is the peaceful calm which follows toil:
 Sweet to the labouring man who tills the soil;
 Likewise most precious to the weary brain
 Tired with the dull routine of loss or gain;
 Or to the authors of our learned books,
 Who show the trace of study in their looks—
 All value rest—all need those quiet hours
 As much as doth the plant those welcome show'rs
 Which Heaven sends to cool the fevered earth,
 And cause sweet Nature sing aloud with mirth.
 When God at first created earth and skies,
 He "rested" in the shades of Paradise!
 Likewise shall we, earth's care and labour o'er,
 Find rest the sweeter for the toils we bore!

ANTICIPATION.

A CHILD of Hope!—See yonder playful band
Of children on the shifting shores of fate,
While tides deceitful round them circulate,
Are busy building castles on the sand!

Rude waves disperse them to their mud-built
cot

Where safety dwells—their “castles” all forgot!
How oft *we* build our hopes on shifting sand

To see them fall and crumble at our feet,
When treach’rous tides and waves of trouble
beat,

Driving us back to safe and solid land!

Build on the Rock if thou would’st stand life’s
test!

Choose not a shadow when the substance strong
Remains when suns have set and nights are
long!—

The eagle builds on highest heights her nest!

Anticipation!—draft on Hope sublime!

Too oft dishonour’d at the Bank of Time!

THE SCENES OF EARLY YEARS

'TIS sweet to visit scenes of early years,
After long absence on a foreign soil,
Where fortune hath rewarded patient toil
And lent glad wings to travel well-known ways,
Rich with the memory of by-gone days
When budding life was like an opening flower,
Full of fair promise for each future hour,
And hope sang songs of ecstasy and praise,
Whose echoes still are ringing through the years
That bridge the early with the later days.
And I am young again with all that cheers
The exile's heart and eyes 'mid scenes of home!
Oh! scenes of early years that doth entwine
A potent spell round this fond heart of mine.

TORONTO.

FAIR Toronto! Queen City of the West!
Of other cities thou to me art best:
As far as eye can reach, from Don to Humber,
Are chimneys, tow'rs, and spires in goodly
number,—
Cathedrals, churches, schools, and mansions rise,
In stately grandeur, tow'ring to the skies,
A noble harbour fronts thy southern bound,
And gentle hills encircle thee around;
From North to South, and East to West expand
Streets, avenues, and roads, so wisely plann'd
That strangers visit thee with ease, and find
In thee a home at once just to their mind;
Long live Toronto! loud her praises swell,
Here Commerce, Art, and Nature love to dwell!

TORONTO BAY.

O H, lovely scene of ever-changing hue!
Dark ocean-green, or sky-bright azure-blue;
Swift o'er thy heaving bosom gaily float,
The trim-built yacht, gay skiff, or pleasure-boat;
Or, here and there, a light birch-bark canoe
Lends a romance to the enchanting view.
Toronto Island, in the distance, seems
The happy fairy-land of boyhood's dreams,
Where naught but pleasure dwells, and music fills
The balmy air with melody that thrills
Each bounding heart with ecstasy and joy,
And happiness the fleeting hours employ!
Toronto Bay, by morning, noon, or night,
Thy waters charm me with some new delight!

ADIEU!

R EADER, "Adieu!"—I will not say "farewell!"
That word, full-fraught with sorrow as a
knell,
Breathes forth a strain of sadness to mine ear,
And is too often mother to a tear!
"Adieu!" speaks hopeful that we yet may meet
And with each other hold communion sweet.
If aught that I have said doth give thee cheer
I've made a friend of thee—and friends are dear!
In this stern world of ours each friend we gain
Makes life more sweet, and helps to soothe life's
pain!
Remember, then, dear friend, before we part,
These simple strains are from a glowing heart
That seeks to find an echo to its voice
In heart of thine—and, finding that, rejoice!

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